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RELAX IN DAKS THE DARING DEPARTMENT IN ACTION THIS SEASON Whiteaways

FRANCE ALARMED

4,200 MEN SAIL FOR CYPRUS

EGYPTIAN THREATS OF VIOLENCE

Paris, Aug. 31.

A troopship sailed from Marseilles today with 4,200 men and France announced that "more and more alarming news" from Egypt forced her decision to rush troops to Cyprus.

The troopship Pasteur steamed for Algiers There was no hint whether it was merely stopping there en route to Cyprus or whether the troops aboard would replace others sent from Algeria to the eastern Mediterranean isle.

A Foreign Ministry spokesman said French troops are going to Cyprus because "the news from Egypt has been more and more alarming" since the London conference last week.

A second troopship, the Athos II, was preparing to sail from Marseilles with 2,000 men bound for an unannounced destination.

Diplomatic tension rose in Paris today, as what was believed would be a critical meeting next Monday approached between President Nasser and the five-nation Suez committee headed by Australian Prime Minister, Mr Robert Menzies

"The atmosphere is getting heavy," wrote independent France Soir "Colonel Nasser's operation smiles directed at America has failed."

The Cabinet today discussed Suez and was reported as being "unanimous."

The evening paper Le Monde wrote: "The government has made it clear that if no longer puts its whole confidence nor all its hopes in diplomatic meetings. Sending French troops to Cyprus will be approved as the sign of a considered plan intended to come into play if a diplomatic solution is reached."

DIRE THREATS

The strong feeling here was reflected in a clash between the official spokesman of the French Foreign Office and an Egytian journalist at a press conference here today.

Asked by the Egyptian why the French government thought its nationals in Egypt might be in danger, the spokesman said angrily:

"Sir, not a single day goes by without some of the Arab countries and particularly Egypt expressing the most dire threats against the lives of Frenchmen, Britishers, Whites and Christians.

"It must be obvious that we are entitled to feel that protective measures in regard to our nationals are imperative. Hence our troops are in Cyprus."

The Foreign Office spokesman repeated that the French government had no intention of allowing any "filibustering" President Nasser. But he refused to be drawn on what length of time he considered it reasonable to allow for the coming negotiations.

He said: "There is an easily recognisable difference between bona fide argument and arguing in order to hold things up."

NO RECALL

The Cabinet decided today there was no need to recall parliament before October 22, normal date of its reopening after the summer recess.

"There is no doubt the government can rely on the overwhelming support of the national assembly in any action it might be called upon to take before the end of September," a source close to the Premier's office said.

M. Bourges Maunoury, the Defence Minister, told the Cabinet today of the movement of French troops to Cyprus. A complete security blackout, reminiscent of wartime, prevented any details reaching the public.

At Toulon, the French cruiser De Grasse was expected to get in on September 3 to join other French war vessels. In Marseilles 26 passenger and cargo ships chartered at short notice by the Defence Ministry were at anchor waiting for orders.—United Press and China Mail Special.

Recall Parliament Request Rejected

London, August 31.

The government tonight declined to fix a date for recalling parliament from its summer vacation to discuss the Suez situation until after the outcome of the forthcoming Cairo talks.

Mr Hugh Gaitskell, Labour Party leader, asked for parliament to be recalled "not later than the week after next" to debate the Canal crisis. Parliament is now on an 11-week vacation and is not due to meet again until October 23.

But a statement from Number 10 Downing Street, Sir Anthony Eden's residence, tonight said:

"The date for the recall of parliament cannot be fixed until the government have had an opportunity of considering the outcome of the discussions due to begin in Cairo on Monday."

Mr Gaitskell's request today —the second time the Labour leader has urged the recall of parliament to discuss the Suez— was made in a letter to Mr R. A. Butler, leader of the House of Commons, in the absence of the Prime Minister, who is on a short holiday in the country.

Mr Gaitskell told Mr Butler that it was "essential" that parliament should have a full opportunity of discussing the Suez situation before the government took any new decisions. —Reuter.

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Mission To Cairo

TOMORROW members of the "Suez Committee" set off to Cairo on what, without doubt, is one of the most difficult of diplomatic missions an endeavour to arrive at, with Col Nasser, a mutually agreeable arrangement for the future of the Suez Canal.

The first aim of Mr Robert Menzies, leader of the party, and his colleagues must be to ascertain whether Nasser is prepared to negotiate with sincerity, or whether agreement to talk is merely another delaying tactic.

For the five men negotiating on behalf of 18 nations, the most important part of their quest is to persuade Col Nasser to accept international control and management of the Canal. But they cannot go to Cairo with only vague ideas as to how this can be accomplished.

It is conceivable that the Committee will suggest a control body similar in set-up to the International Bank as the supreme Canal Authority. It is a feasible proposal. A possible supplementary proposal is that international control extend down to authority over the pilots, the marshalling of the convoys at either end of the Canal, dredging oporations and future developments.

The Committee must set itself two main objectives: the efficient running of the Canal, and the restoration of international confidence. It is also imperative that Egypt should be represented on the Authority in a manner commensurate with her sovereignty. It is a prime task of the Committee to convince Nasser that Egypt's own interests demand the acceptance by him of some sort of international set-up.

It is of pertinent importance that impartial estimates have recently been prepared for the old Suez Company which show that the increase of traffic through the Canal over the next ten years will necessitate almost doubling the waterway's capacity. And the work involved is expected to cost up to £400 million. This vast sum cannot be raised from Canal tolls, even if the rates are raised. Therefore the only alternative is international finance which will clearly be forthcoming only when world-wide confidence in the future control and management of the Canal is restored.

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF NINA POMOMAREVA

Shoplifting Charges Called Nonsense

Moscow, Aug. 31.

A high Soviet sports official said tonight that "hardly anyone can believe this nonsense" of shoplifting charges placed in London against Soviet discus thrower Nina Ponomareva.

The official, Mr Alexei Chiken, chief of the foreign relations section of the Soviet government's sports committee, said it was because of the charges that the Soviet team had withdrawn from Anglo-Soviet athletics match to have been held today and tomorrow in London.

"The accusation against Miss Ponomareva is not only insulting a world champion, but also a human being," he said.

The committee had not yet been in contact with the team in London, but it was presumed the Soviet athletes would return to Moscow "if there is no change in the situation."

Asked if the discus thrower was still in London, Mr Chiken replied, "Where else could she be?"

Asked why Miss Ponomareva had failed to appear in court yesterday, the official said, "That is quite natural."

Mr Chiken said "There is no doubt about her innocence. It is not the first time she has gone abroad and she is known all over the world. It seems very strange an olympic champion should do such things."—Reuter.

No Hard Feelings

London, Aug. 31.

The Soviet Union has invited the British track team to visit Moscow next year despite the incident which led to the cancelling of the Soviet-Britain meet here today, Jack Crump, the manager of the British team, said.

Crump, in a telecast speech, described as "a charming young lady" the 27-year-old Soviet woman discus thrower, Nina Ponomareva, who vanished two days ago after being accused of stealing five hats from a London department store.

The Soviet track team refused to compete in the two-days Soviet-Britain meet in protest against the charges brought against Miss Ponomareva.

Crump, who received a personal gift today from the Soviet team, said that Soviet and British athletes were still on good terms.

Crump said that Soviet officials had assured him they wished to maintain friendly ties which had been forged between Soviet and British sportsmen.

Fine Athlete

Crump said Miss Ponomareva was a "fine athlete in magnificent form". He said she unquestionably was "among the world's greatest athletes."

An estimated 5,000,000 televiewers had been expected to tune in on the Soviet-Britain meet today. Instead they were shown newsreels of a Soviet-Britain football match played in Moscow last year.

Some 60,000 fans had bought tickets for the much publicised meet.—France-Presse.

CHOU MAY GO TO INDIA

New Delhi, Aug. 31.

The Chinese Prime Minister, Mr Chou En-lai, may fly here in December for a meeting with the Indian Prime Minister, Mr Nehru, it was learned tonight.

Mr Chou will be visiting Rangoon during that month and it is understood that he is likely to take the opportunity to fly on to New Delhi for a few days.—Reuter.

Round The Cape

London, Aug. 31.

The Orient Line announced tonight that they had decided to use the Cape route to England from Australia for their liner Oronsay (27,632 tons) due to leave Fremantle on Sunday.

She is expected to call at Capetown on September 12, Las Palmas on September 21 and to arrive at Tilbury about September 25 instead of the 24th as previously announced.—Reuter.

Glasgow Strike

London, Aug. 31.

A strike hit the shipyards of the Glasgow area today as 5,500 workers abruptly quit work.

The strikers are demanding a guaranteed minimum wage.—France-Presse.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: Britain's Bloodless Revolution. John Marshall introduces a new series to show Britons as they really are . . . a candid close-up of modern times and how a people has changed.

P. 6: The Windsors Have a Second Honeymoon, and Sydney Smith is there to report the scene. I Meet the Woman who Defies Nasser. Anne Sharpley writes about Doria Shafik the Egyptian feminist who is not afraid of her country's dictator.

P. 8: No Government in the world could guarantee there would be no more traitors, George Henderson reports on security measures being taken in Britain's civil service and defence industries. William Hickey. Zanies.

P. 13: It had to happen and here it is — Sir Beverley Baxter on Miss Monroe. And how the fickle English public turned away after a while to admire a new hero, a handsome curate playing in a Test match.

FOUR CONVICTS ESCAPE IN STOLEN PLANE

Roseburg, Oregon, Aug. 31.

Four California convicts, who escaped from a forestry honour camp, were sought throughout Oregon today after they fled across the State line in a stolen airplane.

Posses were searching the Roseburg area and around Myrtle Creek, 20 miles south of here, for the men who fled from the Happy Camp near Eureka, California, early this morning.

The fugitives were identified as Gerald Baucum, 27 of San Francisco, Charles Morgan, 37, Los Angeles robber, Paul Marques, 36, Los Angeles narcotics law violator, and Edward Virgil, 26, Sacramento hold-up man.

The prison authorities said the four men escaped some time between the midnight and 2 a.m. bed checks, stealing a State Highway Department truck to drive to nearby Clear Creek Airport, where they stole a four-seater, single-engine Cessna light plane belonging to E.E. Head, co-owner of the Happy Camp Lumber Company.

At 3.10 a.m. the tower operator at the Medford, Oregon, airport heard a pilot "who sounded like a student" asking for landing instructions. The tower man, Ira Parish, said he turned on the runway lights and saw the Cessna plane coming in. He said it was flying without the required navigational lights and taxied nearly a mile to the dark end of the runway. Parish found the plane abandoned.

A short time later, a car was stolen from a Medford residential district. It was found at dawn, abandoned near here. The police said the plane undoubtedly was piloted by Baucum, who had a previous record of plane theft. They said he deserted the Marine Corps in 1949 and at that time stole an airplane to fly from San Diego to Las Vegas, Nevada.—United Press.

4 MINERS KILLED

Prague, Aug. 31.

Four miners were killed today in a fire which broke out in the Stalingrad Mine, at Most, in Northern Bohemia.

The fire, breaking out suddenly, first killed two miners. As rescuers came to the aid of their comrades, two of them were also killed in a cave-in which followed an explosion in the burning mine. Other miners suffered from burns and from the effects of smoke.

The fire was put under control after several hours and work was begun again in the rest of the Stalingrad mine.—France-Presse.

Patrols Attack

Cairo, Aug. 31.

Israeli patrols opened fire with small arms on Egyptians in the Gaza coastal strip at midnight last night, a spokesman of the Egyptian armed forces headquarters said today.

The spokesman said one patrol which attacked an Egyptian outpost was repelled with losses.

No casualties were reported on the Egyptian side.—Reuter.

Bomb Explosion

New Delhi, Aug. 31.

Twenty people including several policemen were injured when a crude bomb exploded near Juma Masjid — historic mosque in the heart of Old Delhi—tonight. Condition of three of the injured is serious. Five persons were arrested.—Reuter.

BRUTAL KILLING BY RED TERRORISTS

Ipoh, Malaya, Aug. 31.

Troops and police were today searching the jungles in the Tapah area of Perak State, northern Malaya, for three Communist terrorists, one of them a woman, who murdered a 38-year-old Chinese woman with a rubber tapper by tying her to a tree and stabbing her in the throat.

Her son, who saw the terrorists tie his mother to a tree, ran more than a mile to report to the police.

A police patrol rushed to the scene but they were too late. The woman, Yuen San Mooi, was dead—stabbed several times in the throat.

Police said the terrorists had taken the woman's gold chain, a ring and an identity card.

Scattered round her feet were Communist leaflets which said: "We will liberate you yet."

A police officer told reporters: "This is the most brutal and senseless killing I have come across for years.

"They, (the Communists) will pay for it."—Reuter.

Air Disaster In Alaska

Anchorage, Aug. 31.

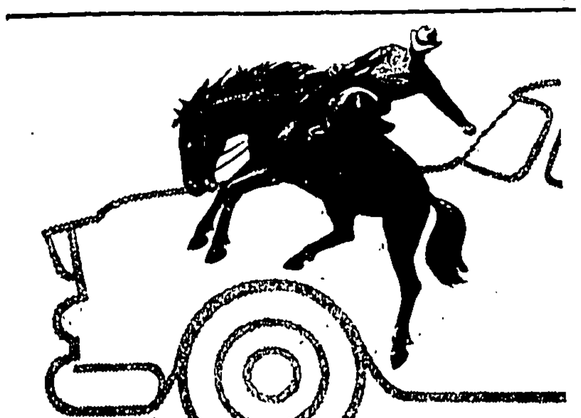
An Air Force B-50 weather plane with 11 men aboard crashed 50 miles north of here today. The bodies of five men were found and six were missing, the Air Force said.

A ground party at the scene, an island in the Susitna River, reported that the bodies of five of the crew were found in a preliminary examination of the smoking wreckage.

The party, which was joined later by a helicopter crew from the 71st Air Rescue Squadron at Elmendorf Air Force Base near here, said it was unable to determine if the plane had burned. It appeared that the giant four-engined plane pancaked into the island, the Air Force said.

The plane was on a routine weather flight from its home base at Elelson AFB, near Fairbanks.

There was no explanation as to what may have happened to the other six airmen aboard the plane.—United Press.



KEEP your engine frisky

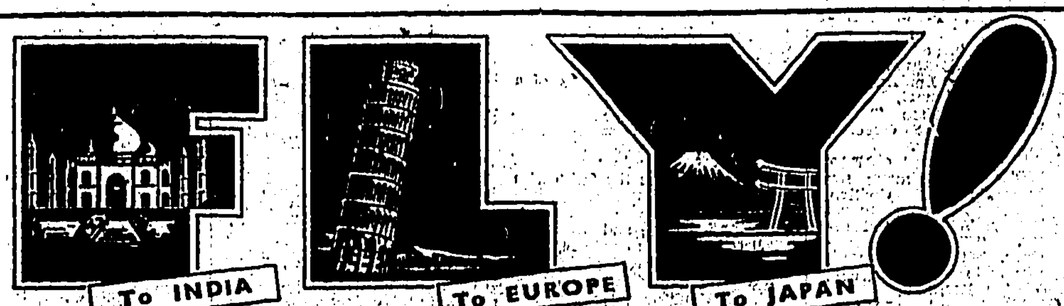
Give your engine Shell X-100 Motor Oil, detergent to keep your engine parts clean.

Protects against wear

Shell X-100 Motor Oil protects engines against the combustion acids that cause most engine wear, particularly during cold starting, warming-up and when cars are idle. It also protects unfailingly at the high speeds and temperatures of modern engines, maintaining a stable oil film under all conditions.



And remember— SHELL X-100 10W/30 Motor Oil THE FINEST MULTIGRADE OIL INCREASES MILES PER GALLON AND PERIODS BETWEEN DECARBONISATION



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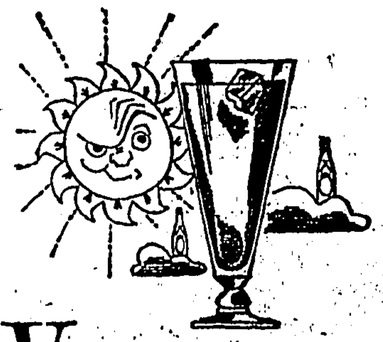
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KING'S ★ PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



WILLIAM DEMAREST · WILLIAM OARGAN · PETER VAN EYCK · MINOR WATSON

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.15 a.m.
Silvana Mangano &
Kirk Douglas in
"ULYSSES" in Technicolor

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
THE THREE STOOGES &
COLUMBIA TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS

Admission: $1.00, $1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
20th Century-Fox
presents
In CinemaScope & Color
"BENEATH THE 12-MILE REEF"
Starring Robert Wagner
Terry Moore
— Reduced Admission —
$1.50, $1.00 & 70 Cts.

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
"HANSEL & GRETEL"
Color by Technicolor

At 12.30 p.m.
In CinemaScope & Color
"HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE"
Starring Marilyn Monroe
At Reduced Prices

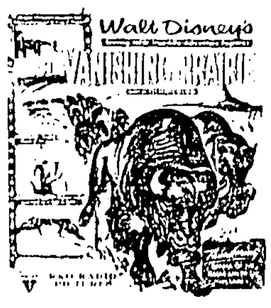
CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
Dean Martin
Jerry Lewis in
"STOOGE"

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



— Added Attraction —
Walt Disney's
People & Places Series
"SIAM"
In Exotic Technicolor

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

✦ SHOWING TO-DAY ✦



QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA
5 SHOWS TOMORROW
"ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

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WATER
IS PRECIOUS
USE IT
WISELY

FILMS Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

As science fiction pictures go, **"The Forbidden Planet"** isn't a bad example of its type.

The so-called revelations of outer space are spectacular and colourful and the sceptical are disarmed by the date 2,200 AD. Would anyone dare to speak with certainty on what won't be happening 600 years hence?

According to screenwriter Cyril Hume, man will be able to leave "into outer space almost as easily as he now boards a bus. Although subject to the same commonplace emotions — today infatuation, jealousy, fear etc. the instruments at his command will be literally out of this world. For instance, he will be able to seal himself up in a colossal flying saucer and with ease and grace whirl off into space, landing with radar-cushioned ease on one of the asteroids."

An asteroid is the name given to small planets revolving between Mars and Jupiter. It would seem that in limiting his flights of imagination to one piece of sky, Mr Hume has acted with commendable modesty.

The crew of our particular flying saucer are an orderly lot. They wear a uniform not unlike that of an American footballer, they hold themselves tense — ready to leap to instant obedience upon receipt of an order and their "Aye Aye Sir" is clipped and nautical.

However, this disciplined bunch of overgrown schoolboys are not nearly as welcome on Altair-4 as they have expected.

The purpose of their flight is to make a landing on the asteroid and bring back to Earth any survivors of an expedition that landed there 20 years previously. A mysterious voice over the radio-set has warned them not to land, but they cannot believe that the sole survivor of the voice so identifies himself—can be serious when he rejects their rescue offer.

However, the little eager beavers have had their orders and feel that whatever Dr Morbius says, they must meet him face to face and find out what binds him to his lonely planet whirling about in space.

It's a far cry from the comparatively adult role he had in "Hamlet", but Leslie Nielson does his best to be a convincing commander of a space ship, while Walter Pidgeon seems to be positively enjoying himself as the high IQ'd Dr Morbius who has trouble with his "Id".

Among the marvels that the eccentric doctor is reluctantly forced to disclose to his visitors is a giant robot that can speak 187 languages, run up an evening gown studded with diamonds, plus many other useful accomplishments. His house bristles with gadgets for saving time and making life easier and there is nothing in the outlandish world of Altair-4 that he or his daughter can wish for that is not theirs at the press of a button.

In spite of Dr Moblius' attempts to hide his daughter from the profane gaze of the saucer's crew he is unsuccessful. With the naive observation to her father that although he had forbidden her to join his guests and himself for lunch, he had said nothing of coffee, she proceeds to send up the pulse rate of the commander and his crew.

Devotees of science fiction films will know by now that no picture worthy of a place in this category is complete without gundry boings, bleeps and bubble bubble noises in the background. They will not be disappointed in "The Forbidden Planet". The saucer takes off—boinggg. It hovers in the air, accompanied by a high pitched hum, the instrument panels demonstrate by their frantic blinking that they are doing a very complicated job and life on the asteroid, when it is not being interrupted by the roaring of a "Thing" is backed by a variety of sound effects ranging from mere bubbling noises to high pitched whistles.

The best scene in "The Forbidden Planet" is the fight with the invisible monster who only shows himself when he is very very mad indeed, and then as a neon outline of an angry M-G-M lion. Most frightening!

This Week's Films In Pictures



Robert Ryan gets special treatment from his driver, Virginia Mayo in "The Proud Ones".



A scene from "The Searchers", starring John Wayne.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Forbidden Planet": Adventures in space. Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, Leslie Nielson.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Rawhide Years": A western. Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller, Arthur Kennedy.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Feminine Touch": Romantic comedy involving the nursing profession. Belinda Lee, George Baker, Adrienne Corri.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Rock Around the Clock": A musical, jazz style. Bill Haley and his Comets, the Platters, Alan Freed.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Proud Ones": A western. Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo, Jeffrey Hunter.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Bhowani Junction": Politics and romance in what is now Pakistan. Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, Bill Travers.
"Tribute To A Bad Man". A western. James Cagney, Irene Pappas.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Conqueror": Genghis Khan rides again. John Wayne, Susan Hayward, Pedro Armendariz, Agnes Moorehead. "The Scarlet Hour". Melodrama set in present day Los Angeles. Carole Ohmart, Jody Lawrance, Tom Tryon, Producer and director, Michael Curtiz.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Postmark for Danger": A thriller. Terry Moore, Robert Beatty, William Sylvester. "Glory". Horsey story. Margaret O'Brien, Charlotte Greenwood, Walter Brennan.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Searchers": A western. John Wayne, Vera Miles, Jeffrey Hunter.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "D-Day The Sixth of June". A wartime love story. Robert Taylor, Richard Todd, Edmond O'Brien, Dana Wynter. "The King and I". The successful musical transferred to the screen. Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner.

Nurses' Hearts

Anatomically speaking, "The Feminine Touch" has more to do with the hearts of nurses than their minds.

It starts off by showing a group of student nurses at the start of their training at St Augustine's Hospital. They all have different reasons for taking up this form of employment—some have a high-like conviction that this is their vocation; others see it as a stepping stone to a wealthy husband and others have drifted into it because it is one of the occupations that need no previous training.

All are treated as schoolgirls who must be taught to obey without question the orders, commands, requests and even hints of Sisters, patients and those lofty gods, the doctors.

The blow is softened somewhat for them by an address by the Matron, who in a speech mixing encouragement with understanding, warns them of the disillusionment they will inevitably suffer when they have come to realise that far from being the angels of the wards, they must look forward to hard work and drudgery beyond their most nightmarish imaginings.

A pretty speech, but more suitable for sixth formers than grown women.

The girls react according to their several natures but the only one for whom I had any real sympathy was Delphi Lawrence—and this because she was miscast.

The others are all rather vapid creatures, including the much publicised Belinda Lee, whereas Delphi Lawrence has qualities that are by no means exploited to their fullest extent in "The Feminine Touch".

There is an intermittent romance between Belinda Lee and George Baker that is a welcome change from the twittering of the girls and of course, towards the end of the film comes The Big Decision—shall Belinda Lee and Delphi Lawrence abandon their careers for Love, Diana Wynyard, preserving the headmistress-pupil relationship, helps them solve their problem with disciplined sighs for her own lost opportunity.

The key to this picture is in the last word of the title. It merely skims across the surface of the trials and discomforts of nursing, touching lightly on problems that cannot be solved by a few judiciously placed words of wisdom.

But the girls are pretty, the men sure of themselves, the children who appear briefly unaffected, and endearing, and thank goodness nobody croons "The Feminine Touch" while the nurse restores the confidence of the unsuccessful suicide.

Slow Western

A number of people take a fall in "The Proud Ones", but I fail to see the significance of the title.

None of the protagonists seem to possess more than the usual quota of pride and when they fall it is from the time-honoured, failing, in the wild west of not being quick enough on the draw, rather than from an excess of arrogance.

Virginia Mayo's part is a very small one in this picture, in fact nobody in it can complain of overwork. It is, in fact, rather a slow western with too much concentration on the somewhat bovine faces of Robert Ryan and Jeffrey Hunter.

The cliches come thick and fast and although there is plenty of gunsmoke in the inevitable last reel gunfight, the film as a whole lacks fire.

The most interesting character was, as so often happens, the villain.

A portly, Wellesian figure is Robert Middleton, with a voice that seems to call for the sonorous roll of Shakespearean verse rather than the less imposing vapourings of a screen villain.

We are led to believe that Robert Ryan and Robert Middleton have encountered each other before the story of "The Proud Ones" begins, though naturally, they have to meet all over again and glare at each other with sufficient venom to get over to us, the poor dumb audience, that the aquaintance was unsatisfactory on both sides.

Jeffrey Hunter, the juvenile lead, has not had the pleasure of Mr Ryan's company before the story opens, but that doesn't prevent him from narrowing his eyes at him and again giving the audience the broadest of hints that he doesn't find him to his taste.

It seems Ryan killed his Paw!

Undeterred by the aura of respectability that hovers round Ryan in his position of town marshall, Hunter accuses him of having shot his father down when he wasn't armed, next to horse stealing, the worst offence against the Code of the Old Wild West—as any schoolboy will tell you.

The role of Observer No. 1 goes to that arch purveyor of homespun logic, Walter Brennan. When he's not silently reading the paper while guarding prisoners in the lock up, he's lounging in the doorway of the Marshall's office seeing all and saying nuffin'. If one didn't know that Walter Brennan is never allowed to spoil his record by being a bad boy, his actions, or lack of them would be suspicious.

However, his inaction almost pays off, for while the rest of the cast are rushing about getting themselves shot all over the place, Brennan survives almost to the last reel. There must be a lesson in this somewhere.

Back Again

The two remaining first run pictures — **"Rock Around the Clock"** and **"The Rawhide Years"** were reviewed in last week's column.

Next week the King's and Princess are bringing back "The Conqueror" in which John Wayne, as Genghis Khan, subdues Susan Hayward and a large chunk of Asia with equal aplomb. Susan Hayward supplies the fire and the pouts, while Pedro Armandariz and Agnes Moorehead are equally in character as a Mongol warrior and mother of the hero respectively. Dick Powell directed.

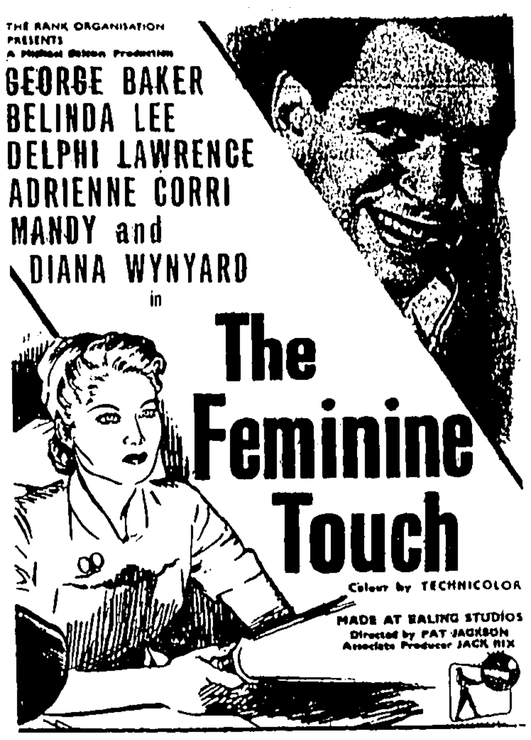
The mid-week picture at the New York and Great World will be "Postmark for Danger" a complicated thriller incorporating all the elements so dear to the hearts of mystery writers—artists, models, blackmailers, diamond smugglers and murderers.

Terry Moore is the girl in the case, Robert Beatty the suspect who couldn't possibly be the mystery man and there are several assorted characters who could. Inspector Colby of Scotland Yard is played by Geoffrey Keen, one of Britain's best character actors.

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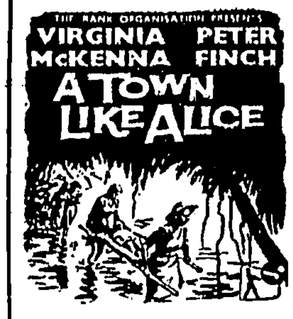
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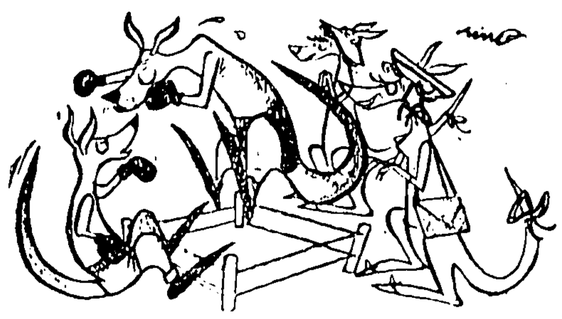
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

DUEL FOR DOES ENDS IN A DRAW



PERTH.—Two 6ft. old-man kangaroos fought an hour-long duel this week while their does looked on.

Apparently each wanted to capture the other's does.

The kangaroos clawed at each other with their forepaws and reared up on their tails to slash with their powerful hind legs.

Finally they called it a draw and went off, each with his own doe.

The fight took place on the Busselton property of Mr B. Lightly.

RED INDIANS LOSE A FIGHTER IN CHIEF 'SHOT BOTH SIDES'

Ottawa.

The death of the venerable Head Chief "Shot Both Sides" in Alberta early this year robbed Canada of one of her last history-making "older Canadians."

Eighty-two-year-old Shot Both Sides, leader of the Blood Indian Reserve, took a unusual name as a result of a skirmish during his early manhood when he was shot at from both sides. He escaped unhurt.

The chief's main claim to fame was that he was placed as a young boy on the signing of Treaty No 7 at Blackfoot Crossing, which put the Indians on the reserve and brought peace to the western plain.

Shot Both Sides always believed in the Sun God until shortly before his death when he embraced Christianity, took the highly respected Blackfoot name of "Old Sun" in his later years.

CHIEF IN 1913

Shot Both Sides' family has held leadership of the Bloods for more than 120 years.

It was the Chief Red Crow who realised that the buffalo would ultimately disappear from his people's hunting grounds and they would have to turn to farming and ranching.

Red Crow signed Treaty No. 7 in 1877.

On Red Crow's death in 1900, his adopted son, Crop Eared Wolf, became chief. He died in 1913 and Shot Both Sides was unanimously declared chief of the Bloods. Shot Both Sides also assumed leadership of the Fish Eaters Band.

The chief was trained in his youth by an old warrior, Bear's Hat, in the arts of war and ceremonies connected with the Sun Dance.

LEASING POLICY

Inspector I. C. Shank of the RCMP, who knew Shot Both Sides, said the chief "would never countenance any infringements on the hereditary rights and possessions of the Blood Indian Band.

"In recent years they adopted a policy of leasing land to southern Alberta farmers and ranchers, and at the present time some 66,000 acres are under lease.

"This provides the Blood Band with a source of income, usually amounting to approximately $110 per person per year.

"Another source of income is the sale of gas, oil, or gravel rights."—United Press.

SOME LION!



New Delhi.

A lion which did not like the rain took shelter in the house of the president of the Saurashtra Grazier's League. The lion paid no attention to the uproar it caused when it walked in.

It stayed until the rain stopped and then calmly left.

Giant Flying Ants Invade London

Thousands of giant flying ants—some over half an inch long—invaded many parts of London last week.

They stuck into pedestrians' hair and clothes, crawled over food in shops, and lodged on many cars' windscreens.

Home-going typists and business men scattered, brushing themselves wildly when a large swarm landed outside Westminster Tube station.

Assistants and shoppers at Selfridge's in Oxford Street spent half an hour getting rid of another swarm, and in Camberwell, S.E., a man was nearly knocked from his cycle when ants covered him.

'LOST TRIBE' FOUND IN DESERT

Sydney.

A warlike tribe of handsome fair-skinned warriors, believed to be survivors of an English crusade still inhabit the Libyan desert, said a young Englishwoman who reached Sydney last week by BOAC.

The tribe, whose men — not women — veil their faces, were the woman's travelling companions on a 500-mile desert holiday jaunt recently.

The woman is Miss Moira Barrington, BOAC's film officer.

Miss Barrington is here to make films of the BOAC route between Australia and England.

Last February, with eight other English people—five men and four women — Miss Barrington set off from Tripoli for Gadames Oasis—in the middle of the Libyan desert.

"It was primarily a holiday jaunt," Miss Barrington said.

● **TALL, FAIR**

"When we were about 300 miles out of Tripoli we met up with members of this lost tribe known as the Tauregs.

"The people are tall, fair, and the men are handsome.

"The story goes that they are survivors of an English crusade which became lost en route to the Holy Land hundreds of years ago.

"The tribesmen are peace-makers but couldn't quite tell us anything to their own people.

"They did not molest us in any way.

● **ROCK CARVINGS**

"Their language, examples of which have been carved deep into huge blocks of granite . . . so far has been 'Greek' to European archaeologists.

"It is a proud race, and they believe farming to be beneath their dignity.

"They are in danger of extinction as law and order clamps down on their raiding—that is, if they don't change their attitude."

PRIEST ATTENDED DYING AIRMAN

Parents Meet Him 12 Years Later

Edmonton.

On July 29, 1944, in the bleak dawn, a 20-year-old former Edmonton high school student died in the flaming wreckage of a Lancaster bomber near Epinal France.

Twelve years after Peter Biollo died in service, a young French student for the priesthood who reached the boy's body minutes after he died visited Peter's parents, Mr and Mrs P. Biollo, in Edmonton.

The Rev. Robert Mougeot described how he saw the Stirling-bound bomber burst into flames after a battle with nine Luftwaffe fighters at three o'clock in the morning, how he raced across fields to reach the wreckage; and how he was seized, beaten and imprisoned by German troops when they found him over the body of the young bombardier.

Peter's parents wrote to officials in Chaumousey, France after they were notified of their son's absence in action.

The town officials knew what had happened and forwarded the letter to the seminary student. It was a year before Father Mougeot was able to write them that their son was dead.

They kept up the correspondence, and in 1950 when Mrs Biollo went to visit her son's grave, she stayed for a week with the young priest's parents before continuing on to Rome.

Gave Him Money

This year a friend gave him the money to travel to Canada. He brought with him to the Biollos a wood-inlaid reproduction of the Lancaster in which their son was killed. The priest returned to France early in August.

The only member of the crew to survive the explosion was the pilot, a New Zealander, who suffered a loss of memory after the crash.

The priest described how the plane flew over the village in flames, in an attempt to find a place to crash-land.

"Then its bombs exploded and it crashed in the woods near the village. I ran there right away. I was giving him attention when the German troops came," he said.

"They thought I knew Peter, and thought I was a spy, and tried to make me talk." He was held for three weeks while being questioned.

Now a youth service worker, Father Mougeot works to combat juvenile delinquency in Paris.—United Press.

Playwrights Can't Use Real Phone-Numbers

London.

Britain's telephone system today issued a telephone book containing numbers no one will answer. It's for radio and television script writers.

The General Post Office, which controls all communications in Britain, apparently was prompted by the embarrassment suffered earlier this summer of one of Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden's key offices.

One of the figures in a Charles Morgan's thriller mystery play, The Burning Glass, was told: If anything happens, call Whitehall 5422.

After the show the number was deluged by pranksters.

"To avoid any embarrassment that might follow from a live number being accidentally selected (by scriptwriters)," the General Post Office announced that, "arrangements have been made that in future all telephone numbers quoted in scripts shall be selected from a list provided by the Post Office."

Footnote: Whitehall 5422 is the British Cabinet Office.

THEY SWIM FOR THEIR DINNER

London.

Duck racing may be stopped in the little Berkshire village of Grove after 200 years.

It has been an annual event for all that time and is peculiar to Britain.

In the race a duck is put into a dammed stream and chased by men and boys in swimming costumes.

Whoever catches the duck keeps it as a prize.

Organiser J. P. Powell said, "There is no cruelty involved as far as I can see.

"Spectators come for the fun of watching competitors falling over in the water."

The RSPCA sent two inspectors to watch the race and make a report on whether those taking part should be prosecuted.

WHY HE LIKES THE WELFARE STATE

London.

James Patrick Jenkins told a local court here he didn't work because he could make almost as much money by staying on unemployment compensation payments.

Jenkins, arrested for not paying bills, said he had been offered jobs at £7 a week but saw no point in taking them as long as he continued to get £5-10-0 weekly in unemployment pay.—United Press.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE ON THE ROAD

Bristol.

British teen-agers don't usually have cars like many of their American counterparts, so they can't play games like "Chicken."

But with teen-age ingenuity they invented a substitute just as dangerous and almost as much fun, a couple of car-racers told a local court here yesterday.

"Chicken" is the game where two cars are driven at each other and the first driver to swerve away from a head-on collision is called "Chicken."

The British version is called "Za-Za", and it's played by pedestrians and unwitting motorists.

The youths walk out on to busy streets daring cars to knock them down. The traffic must be fast-moving and if the contestant jumps for his life, he's called "Za-Za."

It means "yellow", the court was told.—United Press.

RIP VAN (deep sea) WINKLE SLEPT ON

New York.

A 20th-Century "Rip Van Winkle" recently told of one of the most amazing escapes in sea history.

Robert L. Hudson, 35-year-old New Orleans merchant seaman, slept on aboard the doomed Andrea Doria as the Italian flagship was rammed by the Stockholm.

When he awoke *five and a half hours later*, his tilting, deserted tourist-class cabin was 50ft. below the water's surface.

But he escaped — the last passenger to leave the 30,000-ton liner alive. Said he: "I must be the world's soundest sleeper."

Hudson, injured during a Mediterranean gale, was given a free ticket home by his employers and boarded the Andrea Doria at Gibraltar.

Not a soul

He said: "I went to bed early.

"I slept like a log. At five in the morning I woke up. I was slightly startled to find myself sleeping on a bulkhead in a pool of water. The cabin was tilting at a crazy angle."

The liner's passengers and crew—excepting Captain Piero Calamai and 11 others—had been taken to safety more than an hour earlier.

Added Hudson: "A deathly silence hung over the ship. I crawled along more than 300ft. of passages littered with baggage and furniture.

"There wasn't a soul in sight. It was eerie and frightening. I got a bit panicky.

"I worked my way to the stern and up to the main deck—but there was no one. The captain and his men were forward, but I didn't know until later."

He walked into the water lapping the main deck, and hung to a cargo net until a lifeboat spotted him.

THEY HOPE TO SOLVE A DAWN CHORUS PUZZLE

Sydney.

Before dawn sleepy suburbanites hear the roosters' crow—the "dawn chorus."

But who or what are the celestial roosters at dawn on certain radio wave lengths—the "dawn chorus" of the sky?"

Dawn chorus crowers, whistlers, and hissers are sky mysteries which world's scientists hope to solve in the coming International Geophysical Year.

In International Geophysical Year (1957-58) the world's nations will attack unsolved mysteries of our earth's depths, surface, and atmosphere.

Some nations have started in advance; there are already several expeditions in Antarctica.

Australia's attack on the Dawn Chorus of the sky will be made on far-south Macquarie Island.

They'll look for a connection between the chorus and auroras—brilliant curtains, fans, and flames of coloured lights in the sky.

International Geophysical Year will also have a North Atlantic group of scientists listening and looking for auroras and the chorus; also a Continental watch in Europe, Asia, and America.

LIGHTNING?

The "Whistlers" are heard as high-pitched whistles on radio, which rapidly drop in pitch (sink lower and lower) and finally pass out on a low note.

Lightning is believed the cause; energy from fierce "strokes" (discharges) travels over a huge north-and-south path, along the earth's magnetic field.

Hisses, the third mysterious sky noise, may be due to electrified "bullets" (charged atoms) fired at us by Old Sol.

In U.S.A. many credulous people believe these hisses, dawn crowings, and whistles all come from "flying saucers."

Many flying saucers may be meteors.

Australian scientists have been bouncing radio waves off meteors for some time; but they find meteor whistles (radio echoes) quite different from dawn chorus crowings, hisses, and whistling.

So our scientists on Macquarie Island are going to study these celestial roosters in a big way, aided by a picked crowd of scientists the world over.

NOW RUSSIANS MAKE SUPER-SPEED CAMERA

2.5 Million Frames A Second

Ottawa.

Russia is manufacturing a camera that shoots 2.5 million frames a second, according to the Soviet Embassy's news bulletin.

The camera, put on display at USSR Agricultural and Industrial exhibitions, is known as the S.F.R.

Designed and built by the electric-instruments laboratory of the Chemical Physics Institute of the USSR Academy of Sciences, the camera is being manufactured by the Krasnogorsk machinery plant which introduced several improvements during the designing stage.

"If you want to get a better idea of the speed of the camera's shutter," the news bulletin said, "divide in your mind one second into two-and-a-half million parts and bring home to yourself that all that has taken place in that instant can be exactly reproduced on film, paper or movie screen."

NOT LARGE

The bulletin said the camera was not large, was convenient to handle and dependable in operation.

The S.F.R. has three main units: a photographing outfit, a control panel and a lens. The lenses have a focus of 210 mm. to two meters. This made possible large scale surveys with the camera over a distance of six miles.

The shutter's speed comes from a system of special lenses, blinds and a mirror which move at 3,000 to 75,000 revolutions per minute.

The report said the camera's control panel was equipped with automatic and electronic control installations, ensuring high accuracy of time measurement and synchronisation of the operation of the whole outfit.

Detachable lenses made it possible to use the instrument in two ways — as a photographic recorder of a process as it goes on or as a time magnifier "showing the phenomenon under investigation still by still."

The Soviet Embassy's bulletin added: "The super-high-speed camera is designed to register fast physical processes—blasts, combustion, electrical discharges, the spread of shock waves, and so on. It is already being used in mines to study the conditions required for making coal sage against explosions.

"Great opportunities are offered by the camera to scientists and practical workers for scientific analysis of thermonuclear processes in plasma; for testing high-voltage apparatus, for the study of the processes of combustion and detonation of gas mixtures in turbo-jet outfits and internal combustion engines."—United Press.

Girls Warned Off JOBS ON ICE

SYDNEY.

SOME GIRLS JUST CAN'T RESIST THE WHISTLE OF A 130 M.P.H. ANTARCTIC GALE.

Each year at this time they picture themselves in scarf and snow boots, spending a year with a bunch of tough bearded scientists on a job that is of tremendous importance to Australia.

It's the call of the Great Deep Freeze—working with ANARE at the Australian perch on the world's frozen underbelly about 4,500 miles south-west of Sydney.

14 Jobs Going

ANARE (the Australian Antarctic Research Expedition) is now advertising for "temporary public servants" to join the 1957 expedition that will sail next December in the rugged little ice ship, Kista Dan.

Fourteen jobs are vacant, varying from physicist-in-charge to diesel mechanic, negress to cook, at Mawson, Vestfold Hills (a new base) and Macquarie Island.

But the girls who are writing to the ANARE'S quiet office in Collins Street, Melbourne, should save themselves the trouble.

There is no room for women in Antarctica—at least, not right now.

Many Apply

Here is what Mr P. G. Law, director of ANARE, said:

"We get applications every year from women to join the expedition—some of them with the right technical qualifications.

"We must refuse them, of course. It's a man's job down south."

Mr Law has had to say "no" even to his own attractive wife, who is a talented artist. Mrs Law wanted to take her canvas and brushes to paint the icebergs.

However there's no labour shortage for the Antarctic.

"Usually we get 300 applications," Mr Law said. "This year, with interest in the 1957-58 geophysical year so high, I expect the response to be greater than ever."

Apart from the technical skills that may be required there is one big qualification necessary for life at 60-below zero:—

Robust health and experience in outdoor life, such as skiing, mountaineering, bush walking and camping.

No City Slickers

The pure city-bred type (male) is equally as anathema to Mr Law as the female equivalent.

"We must have men with some experience with nature in the raw.

"We'd spend all our time looking after a man who only knew the city."

And men who apply to go south for "domestic reasons" are just as big a risk.

"The man who is trying to get away from his wife is the last person we can afford," he said. "The whole success of Australia's Antarctic venture depends on a happy team."

Mr Law, dark eyed and sharp bearded (just the sort of explorer you can picture battling against a blizzard) will be making his eleventh trip to the Antarctic when he leads the expedition in December.

REMAINS OF GIANT (BC) BEAR FOUND

Mondovi.

A local professor today completed reconstruction of the skeleton of a species of cave bear which vanished from the earth thousands of years ago.

The bones were by a local parish priest in the famed Bossea Grottoes near this Alpine village. It was believed the bear was trapped in the cave when ice swept over Europe and blocked the cave.

The skeleton, as put together by Prof. Don Filippi, is 9ft 9ins tall.—United Press.

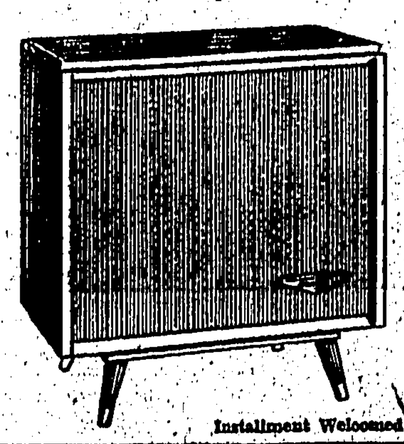
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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret in Edinburgh's Usher Hall, attending the opening concert of the 10th Edinburgh International Festival. Conducting the orchestra—the Royal Philharmonic—was Sir Thomas Beecham. (Express)



ON the 89th day after setting out from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on a Kon-Tiki style expedition 3,000 miles across the Atlantic to England, three French-Canadians reached their goal. They were starving as their raft, L'Egar II (The Lost One) drifted near the English coast. A lifeboat towed it into Falmouth. Right: The raft. Left: Marc Modena, skipper Henri Beaudot and Gaston Vanarkeer. (Express)



TWO Englishmen expelled from Egypt recently pictured on their arrival at Liverpool, England. Mr H. L. Peuleve, left, was assistant manager of the Shell refinery at Suez, and Mr Arthur Hawke was the refinery's service engineer. (Express)



THE romance of 29-year-old Antony Brown was slightly interrupted by his decision to join the Oxford-Cambridge Far Eastern Expedition. With five companions he drove 18,000 miles from London to Singapore through desert, jungle and mountain country, and back again. Now, almost a year later, he's back in England with a ruby engagement ring for 23-year-old Pamela Jones. There's Antony on extreme left with his companions in London. (Express)



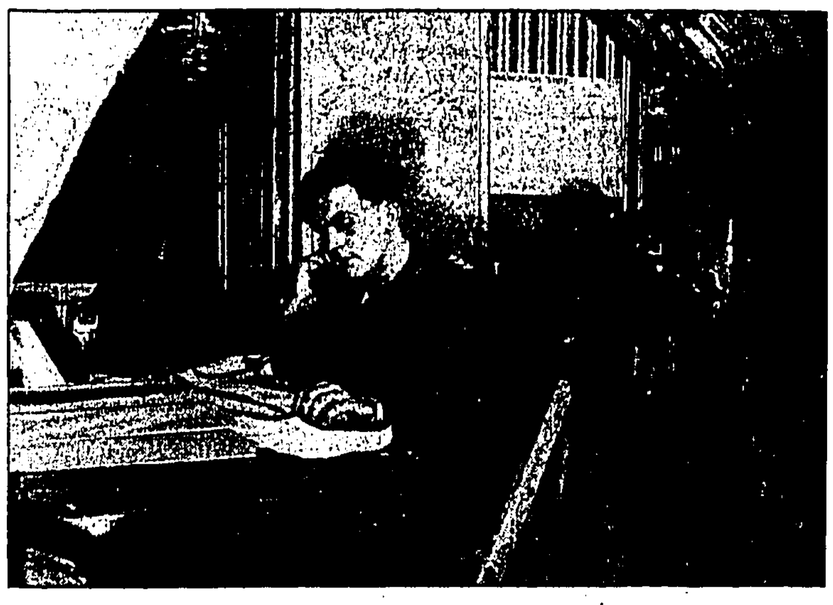
NOW in London is Sheik Isa Bin Sulman Khalifah, 21-year-old son of the oil-and-pearl-rich ruler of Bahrein and heir to a major share of the ruler's £3,000,000 a year income. Said he: "We have been allied with England for a long time and want to remain so. We like England very much and hope to be back often." (Express)







WHILE the Suez Conference was on in London, Lady Eden, wife of the Prime Minister, took Mrs Foster Dulles, wife of the U.S. Secretary of State, out sightseeing. They are here seen at the Sixty Years of Cinema exhibition in Trafalgar Square. (Express)



WEDDING picture of Clare Grose and RAF Flying Officer Hedley Molland, named "miracle escape pilot" after he baled out nearly five miles above the sea at 700 miles an hour. He went out of control in a supersonic dive. He met Clare at the Ipswich hospital where he recovered. He broke an arm and his pelvis in the accident. (Express)

A Brigade command post, built to give the impression of being underground, is on display at the Radio Show in Earl's Court, London. It is complete with all its communications equipment including telephones, the Brigadier's wireless set and radio-telephone exchange. (Army News)



MR John Cremer, 75-year-old retired civil servant recently kidnapped by Cyprus terrorists and held for more than three days before being released, is pictured on his arrival at London Airport from Nicosia. (Express)

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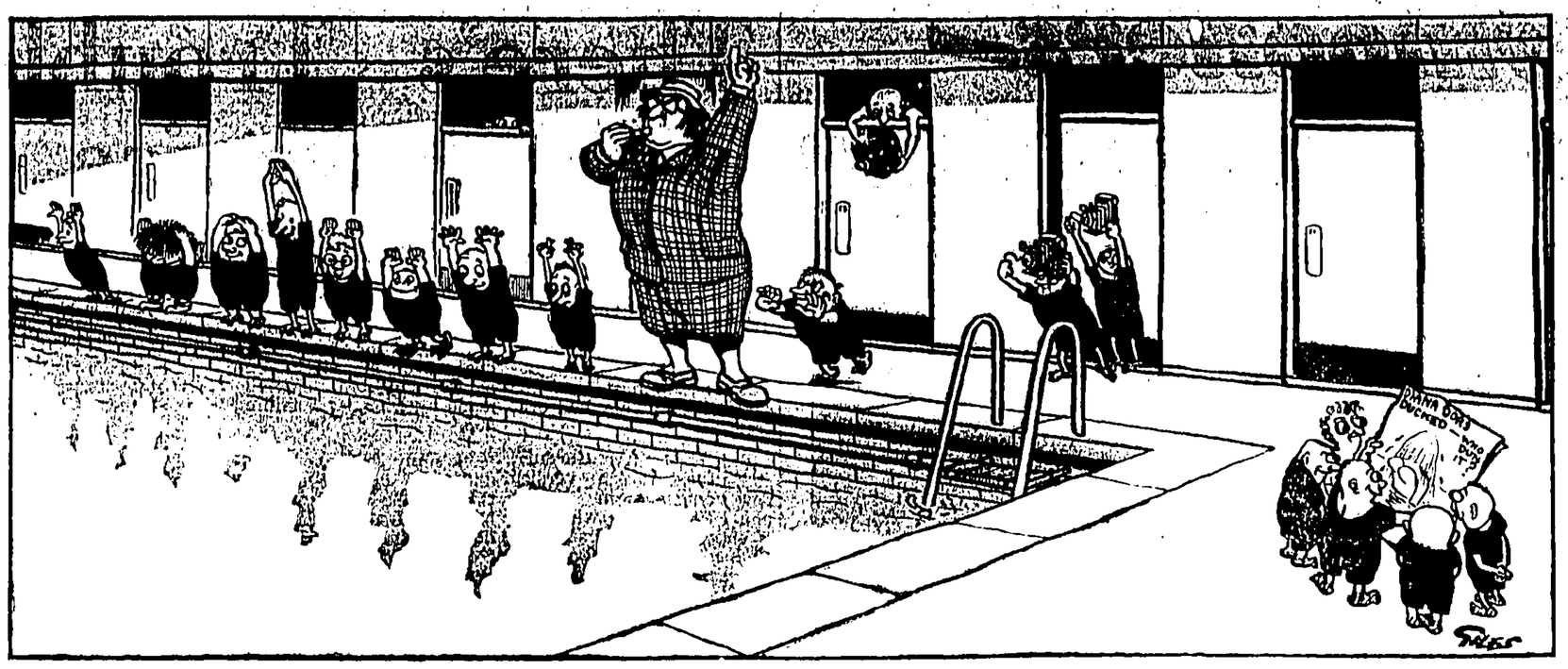
LEFT: Gilbert Beale, wealthy, 87-year-old bachelor, has built a fantastic, centrally heated pavilion in memory of his parents on his 400-acre farm off the main London-Oxford road at Basildon, Berkshire. Mr Beale is standing by the ornate fountain. The pavilion is in the background. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller







"O.K., in she goes"

THE RED DEAN: "GOOD SHOW"

From RUSSELL SPURR—who tells of a strange meeting and an even stranger stage show in URUMCHI, China

I COULDN'T resist saying "Dr Hewlett Johnson, I presume?"

There was I, a travel-stained journalist, a third of the way round a 12,000-mile tour of China.

There was the 82-year-old Red Dean with his wife and two schoolgirl daughters on the latest leisurely lap of his Communist-financed holiday trip to Peking.

He looked surprised. Englishmen are a phenomenon in Urumchi, capital of Sinkiang province.

"Good show," said the dean.

He was not referring to our meeting, but to the meeting place. We were in the florid new National Theatre digesting a drum-beating, fiddle-screeching concert of tribal folk music.

The Archabbot

"There is the Archabbot of Canterbury," said my Chinese guide, as Dr Hewlett Johnson walked in amid loud applause.

The audience stood up to see the man they vaguely believed was head of the Church of England.

The Red Dean clapped back Communist-style, waved, and smiled benignly. He wore black, a clerical collar, and an ornate silver cross swinging from a silver neckchain.

The performance began with a choir of men in sequinned pink and green, and men in double-breasted red suits.

A soloist sang painfully and at length from a song book. They were accompanied by a band drummer, flautist, one-string fiddler, and a man with a miniature banjo. The songs were patriotic and dull.

A portly pigtailed girl in ankle-length velvet gown arrived. She sang too. There was hesitant applause.

It was not until all the patriotism was expended, and tribesmen in jackboots and cloaks and women in vivid silk pajamas leaped on to the stage that the fun began.

The drummers beat frantic rhythms with their finger-tips, the flutes and fiddles fought anguished contests with shrill-voiced singers.

It was barbarous and exciting; a mixture of Scheherazade and The Third Man.

Beautiful blue-robed girls did a whirling dance that demonstrated better than any text-book the strange cultural mixtures of this melting-pot province.

One minute they were Chinese court dancers delicately posturing with head and hand; the next, frenzied descendants of the Mongol horsemen who rode roughshod from China to Europe in the Golden Horde of Genghis Khan.

The pioneers

Urumchi might be a town straight from the Wild West. A saloon and a couple of bow-legged cowpunchers would complete the illusion.

Instead, there are earnest pioneers pouring in from China by the truckload to throw up buildings and break the virgin soil.

The girls clicked chopsticks on china saucers as they danced, the orchestra sang and shouted encouragement like any South American band. Roberto Inglez would be a smash hit here — provided he left his instruments out all night in the rain.

"We've got used to the rhythms," Dr Hewlett Johnson told me between acts. "We've had a week in Soviet Moslem republics near here following our week in Moscow. Now we are going on to see the reconstruction work in China."

The curtain went up again. The entire company sang some soft, sad song that seemed to have caught the sound of winter wind sighing across nearby deserts.

Then they stood up—not for applause, but to clap loudly themselves. It was a minute or two before I realised they were applauding the dean.

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John Marshall introduces a new series to show Britons as they really are...a candid close-up of modern times



JOHN MARSHALL

A TREMENDOUS revolution has taken place in Britain during this century, a revolution as significant for the individual, though vastly different in its impact, as the industrial revolution of the 19th century.

It is, in fact, the greatest bloodless social revolution in the world's history, its momentum, slow at first, surging forward in the last decade to embrace us all in the well-nourished, strongly protective arms of the Welfare State.

A good thing, of course, a fine thing, but—a little too fast and a little too all-embracing?

Two great influences

TALK with a few social workers and what will you hear? Again and again the same theme: "Oh, yes, everyone has more of everything except a sense of responsibility."

Two sets of initials dominate the social picture today: H.P. and TV. Millions are living in Never-never Land, almost everything being paid for weekly, even the clothes some of them are wearing, and of course, the television set.

Why shouldn't the people enjoy these things? They work for them; and many so recently fought for them too.

Yes, you will hear that very reasonable argument often enough. And it is perfectly true that vast numbers of people contrive to keep up the payments and not to run into any serious trouble. But there is a substantial and growing minority who either cannot or will not attempt to cope intelligently with the new prosperity. Whatever their income, it is wholly committed, so that if Dad is ill for only a few days disaster overwhelms the family.

Most disturbing

THE same is true of Mum, come to that. There are 8,372,000 married women working today, 46 percent of all women in employment. And from this fact emerges one of the most disturbing social problems of the day—the large numbers of babies, toddlers and school-children deprived of their mothers' day-by-day care.

Hence, say the psychiatrists, the "Teddy-boys," the girls who "go wrong," the misfits.

And what a difference television has made in the nation's social habits! A good thing? Of course it is a good thing, unless you become its slave. In education the changes have been great indeed, and will be greater still when we get around to chasing America and Russia in the matter of training in adequate numbers technologists and technicians for the Nuclear Age.

A tremendous revolution it has been, no doubt about it—a tremendous stride from the days of not so long ago, from dire poverty, the "dark satanic mills," of poor, maimed, doomed, children working 16 hours a day in the mines, of bestial cruelty and ignorance, starvation and sweated labour.

In the past few weeks I have been trying to discover just what it means to us all, how we are living in post-revolution Britain.

Far too easy

I HAVE travelled many miles, dauntlessly scaled a mountain of Blue Books, White Papers, social surveys, and analyses of trends of officials, social workers, schoolteachers, clergymen, doctors, nurses, health visitors, N.S.P.C.C. inspectors, Citizens' Advice Bureau chiefs, W.V.S., and other volunteers, employers, and employees.

The story which has unfolded itself is in many ways heartening and portending well for our future: the story of a great awakening to suffering and unnecessary misery, of ceaseless and ever more victorious battle against disease and degradation, neglect of the very young and the very old, the sick, the disabled, and the deprived, of awareness that our sons and daughters must be healthier and better educated not only for their own sakes but for the sake of national survival.

But the very reforms which have brought about this happy state of affairs are making things far too easy for the lazy and irresponsible. "The State will look after us," they cry, ordering a washing machine and something to put in the new (H.P.) cocktail cabinet.

And the result is that an undue proportion of the fabulous sums devoted to welfare generally, and the vauable time of far too many members of the huge, paid and unpaid army of social workers is being devoted to dealing with the feckless, the reckless, and the couldn't care less.

The real picture

I WILL try to show the picture as it appears to me — the picture of the people of these islands from ever more healthy infancy to ever-lengthening old age.

Disinflationary measures announced by the Government since my survey started may well alter that picture as time goes on; but there has been no material change yet.

I can only report what has been happening in the immediate past, not what may or may not happen in the imponderable future.

Millions of families in Britain —yes, I mean the whole family — are living on tick. Almost everything they possess is being paid for by the week. So, with their several earnings fully committed before each one picks up his or her pay packet, all are perpetually on the brink of disaster.

Does it matter? It is a Welfare State, isn't it? If anything goes wrong they'll be provided for, won't they? So say the feckless, the reckless, and the couldn't-care-less.

While they are in this welfare-lulled condition of semi-consciousness, along comes the tally-man. "What? You haven't got a washing-machine? A lady in your position! Only a few bob a week. You won't miss that, and think of the drudgery you'll save. Just sign here."

Having it easy

OH dear, in so many districts have I heard about the tally-man, though they don't always call him that. He was having it easy until Mr Macmillan's last boa constrictor-like squeeze, and the shock of short-time in Coventry. Now he has to be more artful, more persuasive, with his dodgy little "credit" schemes (Hire-purchase? Cool Whatever's that?).

But he is still luring the foolish to the brink. One tally-man, in an industrial area, boasted that he could get rid of a pentechhilondful of £5 blankets at 5s. a week in one day.

Now debtors are the tally-man's happy hunting-ground. Young wives, newly arrived, lonely, and a bit scared, are easy prey. In unhappy confusion they sign a paper, discovering, too late, that they are committed not to a dollar a week as they had believed from the patter, but for much, much more.

I have been given hundreds of examples of never-never misery. There was the wife who, when the showdown came, owed £215 in hire-purchase debts, one item being an £18 10s. camera. Another was found to have committed herself to £6 a week. Her husband earned £7.

In terror

A THIRD, in her terror, tried to commit suicide in a scullery full of unpaid-for amenities, including the stove which was to have been her exit route. Happily she was saved to learn the sombre facts of domestic budgeting.

Hire-purchase muddles loom at or near the top in the list of all human troubles taken to the Citizens' Advice Bureaux. The silly pathetic story is so often the same.

It starts with furniture, bedding, a fridge for the new home; then Dad, earing more than ever before, acquires a motor-bike and sidecar or even a motor-car (also on H.P.), after which Mum finds she must have a washing-machine and a cooker and the whole family demand TV (they are already paying for a radiogram).

All of a sudden it is disastrously out of hand with all the essentials neglected: rent, rates, food bills. They can't give up their new luxuries, which have already become necessities, so they switch on the tele and hope for the best.

Before the Welfare army can march to the relief of Futility they are evicted. Mum and the kids go "into care," Dad, who for some reason best known to officialdom is ineligible for this sanctuary, goes into digs.

The Welfare lads and lasses sweep in trying to bring them all together again and teach them how to budget; and they quite often succeed.

Basic facts

TWO basic facts emerge everywhere—many housewives enjoying the new prosperity are quite incapable of budgeting: and the majority of wives do not know what their husbands are earning. Working wives must have a rough idea, but they do not get it from the old man.

Here is rather extreme example from my notebook. When Mrs S. was found with her five children in a filthily squalid basement room in a coastal town regarded as pretty high class she said her husband gave her only £8 a week out of the £5 in dispute.

The wealthy wife Welfare walla-lah met a rat, which was not surprising in such surroundings. They found that the husband had been earning £9 a week and converting the odd four into fiery liquor.

Like Dutch uncles (and aunts) they talked to him. Now Tiny Tim (the youngest) can say "God bless us all" with a joyful heart, for thirsty Mr S. is a reformed character, giving the little woman £7 a week with which to run a new home found and furnished for them.

But let us return to the H.P. problem for the family uncomplicated by gross intemperance. And let us take the Snooks family as a typical example of so many in Never-never Land today.

Dad works in a factory earning, with overtime, £19 a week. His son Bill, also a factory worker, makes £15 a week, daughter Doris (20) £9 as a shorthand-typist and Mum £4 for part-time work in a store.

They live in a small house on a prewar estate outside London, paying 22s 6d. a week rent.

Well, let us see where the money goes. Dad is giving Mum £5 a week and of the rest £4 goes on H.P. for the car, £2 on running it £2 on furniture, £1 on the cocktail cabinet (kept well stocked not because any of them are tipplers but to impress friends), £1 on the pools, and the rest on incidentals such as smokes (20 or so a day), beer (average three to four pints), and a few bob-each-way bets.

Bill pays Mum £3 and the rest goes like this: £2 on the motor-bike and 15s. on running it, 25s. on a camera and a gold wrist watch, 10s to the credit tailor, 12s. pictures, 16s. dancing (including treating the girl friend), 5s. pools and the rest on smokes (20-25 daily at 3s. 8d. for 20), beer (generally half-a-dozen light ales, sometimes more), canteen lunches, occasional visits to the "dogs," football, etc.

Cosmetics

DORIS gives Mum £2, spends £2 on cosmetics, hair-do's, and nylons, £1 10s. for a wrist watch (diamante) and jewellery, 10s pictures 15s. (average) clothes, 18s. cigarettes (ten a day) and sweets 4s. dancing (the evening the boy friend doesn't take her) the rest on fares, meals, fripperies, etc.

So Mum has a total of £14, out of which she pays the rent, buys the food — average £2 meat, £3 15s. groceries, £1 5s. dairy, £1 5s. fruit and veg. 18s. heating, lighting, cooking (more in cold snaps) 5s. soaps, etc.

Then, via H.P. there vanishes £2 10s. for carpets, curtains, blankets, washing-machine, and fridge.

What's left is spent on the cinema (once a week), smokes, clothes, fares. They are a united family, and when anything awkward and totally unexpected, such as income tax, crops up they muck in and find it somehow.

It was nice for them all to be able to have everything.... So that Dad's accident was a fearful shock. After five days in bed he confessed that his was "sick" and had no idea how he could keep things going on the Health money, even with National Assistance as well.

Happily for the Snookses the H.P. people were considerate (as they often are—and let me emphasise most firms are reputable) and held off till Dad was better again. Now the Snookses are trying to catch up — and spending the lot as before.

The welfare for all system proves a blessing in many a deserving case. But in others it puts a premium on thrift.

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MONDAY:

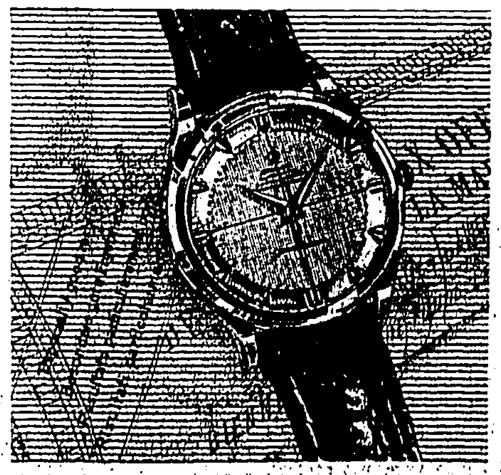
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The Honeymooners—nearly 20 years after

by Sydney Smith

Velden (Austria), Aug. 25

A TINY Austrian lake-side village that took two honeymooners to its heart almost 20 years ago saw them again today.

People said: "They look happier than ever."

The second honeymooners: the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who in the year of crisis and controversy, 1937, took their honeymoon refuge in the isolated Castle of Wasserleonberg.

Velden - am - Worthersee was then the 2,200-popula-



AND IN 1956

tion lakeside village of the castle, where the Duchess came to do her shopping.

Velden in that year already had a record holiday attendance of 12,000 visitors. But in the year after the famous honeymoon the figures doubled to more than 24,000. This year it topped 50,000.

That honeymoon made Velden what it calls itself today—"The Riviera of Austria."

Today the honeymooners were back, for 17 hours, on their way from Vienna to Venice.

Outside the 15th century Schloss Hotel overlooking the lake the Velden holidaymakers gathered. (The official tourist figures show that 32 percent of them were British.) How they had heard that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were due is anyone's guess. It was supposed to be secret.

Then up drove the convoy from Vienna.

They looked a very happy, easy-going couple as they waved to everyone—to Austrian and German millionaires and their wives and children.

Along the road from Vienna the Duke and Duchess had stopped for lunch at a country pub where they met a coach-load of London tourists.

They had lunch alongside them. And the Duke slipped away and made a quiet tour around their big bus just to see how they had travelled.

At the Schloss (their honeymoon hotel) they moved in through the cheering crowds to drink a cup of tea (Ceylon, from the Duke's own luggage).

The Duchess told me: "This is not a honeymoon revisited—we didn't plan it like that. But it has wonderfully happy associations for us," and she waved her hands towards the lake and the mountain.

Said the Duke: "Outside France, where we live, we had the warmest welcome in Austria—the warmest welcome in Europe. Yes, I suppose it is because of the associations of our honeymoon. But it was like this too in Vienna—it is like this everywhere in Austria.

"This morning, one hour before they left, the one main street—a street that never was before the Honeymoon was packed with people waiting to see them pass."

Before they left the Schloss Hotel they received a whole delegation. Not of officials, not people who technically matter.

They were, as the Duke told me, "Old servants from before the war who had paid their way from all over Austria to come and say 'Hello' to us."

★

There was one old man who had come from as far away as Linz. There were maids, drivers, and gardeners.

Among them was the girl who, on the honeymoon trip, had travelled up the mountain-side three times a week for four months to dress the Duchess's hair. She is Emmy Muller, and she spent 20 minutes with them this morning.

Now Emmy Muller, as well as the owner of the Schloss Hotel, Madame Dr Elsa Bohm, both have a right to say how they found the pair.

Hairdresser Emmy says: "In those days the Duchess looked much older than the Duke. Today it is the other way round. She looks much younger than he does but they both look much younger than they did then."

Dr Bohm, of the Schloss Hotel, says: "When they came here on their honeymoon they were much younger, of course, but they were much tenser. Today they are so relaxed; and, we think, so much happier."

As I say, it was The Honeymoon that gave Velden prosperity. Velden's return is that it has given the Honeymooners happiness.



THE WINDSORS AT VELDEN . . . IN 1937

There's Trouble In Paradise

By HENRY THODY

Rome.

MILLIONS of theatre-goers throughout the world thought "The Little Hut" was the funniest, and the sauciest, play they had ever seen.

But Miss Ava Gardner, star of the screen version now being shot in Rome's film city—as the wife who is shared on a desert isle by her husband (played by Stewart Granger) and her lover (played by David Niven) on a sort of rota basis—is not amused.

"There's nothing drearier than trying to be funny if you're not," said Ava, ideally dressed for the Roman heat-wave in black lace panties and bra, specially made by Dior for a trifling £65.

"It's my first comedy—and my last. Drag me through the streets, by my hair, as they did in my last film, all right. But no more comedy. It takes too much out of me. At the end of the day trying to be funny I'm exhausted.

"The Little Hut' may be a riot to watch or read—but not to act in, thank you."

DOUBLED UP

From across the huge set I heard roars of laughter. David Niven with an "How to say it in Italian" book was trying to translate "I've got ants in my pants." The Italian stage-hands were doubled up with laughter.

Mr Niven was obviously not suffering like Ava. To him comedy comes naturally. "I've made about 70 films and haven't seen more than eight of them," he told me. "To me film-making is like going to the office. When I come home I forget all about movies and live a normal life.

"I never read what they write about me. I have kept only one press clipping in 20 years in the game. After a preview of my first big picture an American newspaper wrote: 'Mr Goldwyn's new discovery, David Niven, is tall, dark and anything but handsome.' I had it framed and it hangs in the lavatory!"

Co-producers F. Hugh Herbert and Mark Robson were not looking too friendly towards Mr Niven. His latest practical joke had almost given them heart failure.

PLASTIC ISLE

The script called for Niven to fall from a tall coconut palm. All he was supposed to do was yell from the top of a tree in a pretended fall. But he arranged with Italian electricians to balance a log on a high ladder and send it crashing to the floor as he shouted.

The joke almost gave the producers heart attacks. They thought for a moment their highly-paid star had really fallen.

The film's desert island is a masterpiece of British studio know-how. The film-makers scoured the world for an ideal desert isle—finally deciding that nature could be improved upon.

The isle, Ava-Ava the crew call it, was built in Italian studios by British technicians because there was not enough studio space available in Britain. Tropical plants were gathered from a dozen countries, and there is one man whose sole job is to dust the leaves twice daily.

I found "The Little Hut's" most apprehensive star, Stewart Granger, sitting melancholic among artificial tropical orchids, his heavy naval jacket off. He was sitting in his shirt, the snow-white material contrasting with his sun-tanned beefcake torso.

Every Granger scene is being given priority—in a race against the stork. Wife Jean Simmons is expecting her first baby soon.

BEAT-THE-CENSOR

"Doctors say that the first baby is usually late, rather than early," Granger told me, looking anything but convinced. "I have my fingers crossed. I hope the Super Constellation beats the stork."

"How on earth is 'The Little Hut' going to get by the censor?" I asked co-producer and script-writer F. Hugh Herbert, remembering the blistering situations of the Andre Roussin-Nancy Mitford original.

"When I saw 'The Little Hut' in London in 1951 I was highly amused," he answered, "but as a potential movie it seemed too unpalatable even to contemplate. But I saw it as a challenge to my ingenuity.

"For months I thought about it—then I came up with a couple of gimmicks I knew would beat the censors. I then bought the film rights. There's my gimmick Number One."

He pointed to a fierce-looking Alsatian dog.

"I introduced Nelson into the script as a chaperone for Ava. He is the husband's dog and he hated the lover. Every time David tries to get near Ava the dog keeps him at bay. In the film there's a lot of talk about sex, but not much done about it.

"Gimmick Number Two is a twist from the original plot. When the husband's best friend confesses he has been the wife's lover for years, and suggests they share the wife on their shipwreck isle the way they share the one pair of shoes which survived the wreck, hubby reacts differently in the screen version.

COMIC HIGHLIGHT

"I have the husband deciding that such a confession calls for a divorce, which as captain of a ship, he is entitled to grant. So we avoid any adultery."

The divorce scene—in which Granger is the judge at his own divorce proceedings—is likely to be one of the comedy situations of the year. Ava accuses him of mental cruelty because as a business tycoon he brought his office correspondence to bed with him and did not notice the colour of her new nightie!

By this time Miss Gardner was back again on the set in a new costume, although her wardrobe is the most austere in her film career. Apart from the £65 undies, he has a couple of grass skirts and one Dior evening dress.

The Dior creation, a £300 pink satin and white sequined lace evening gown, is treated as a Dior dress has never been before.

Ava blanched, as would any clothes-conscious woman, as a wardrobe hand came along and slashed the gown with a pair of scissors—to give it that look of desert island wear-and-tear.

WANT A DOG?

As I was about to leave the set the production manager said to me: "Want a dog? We'll give you Nelson after the shooting. We can't take him back to Britain. Quarantine regulations. You live in Rome—give him a good home."

I looked at Nelson, who had been baring his teeth at me as I gave Ava a warm, appreciative look in her scissor-slashed, plunge-neck gown, and decided Nelson might be more useful to Miss Gardner, now living alone in her new Spanish hacienda.

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DORIA SHAFIK

The Woman Who Defies Nasser

By ANNE SHARPLEY

Cairo

I SHOULD not be telling this story if the woman it is about had not insisted I tell it.

Remember Doria Shafik, the Mrs Pankhurst of Egypt? She is the woman who led an assault of one thousand women on the Egyptian Parliament and trapped the members inside for three and a half hours; the woman who led 14 other women on an eight-day hunger strike for emancipation and won her votes for women within hours of what was certain death by starvation.

She is the one person every woman in Egypt is wondering about. Why doesn't she come forward and support the regime if it is good? She is a woman unafraid for herself but afraid for her country.

"I am the only woman in Egypt who refuses to recognise Colonel Nasser. I refuse to recognise him because I love my freedom," she told me.

The only one

"When my friends tell me that I am the only one to oppose him I say 'No, I am the only one who is not afraid to say I oppose him.'"

I cannot tell you what a courageous thing this is to say in Egypt today. This is an Egypt where there is a dangerous and developing dictatorship where I myself have been threatened with being beaten up. In an Egypt which is passing rapidly to a slick 20th century dictatorship on the Peron model, a woman like Doria Shafik stands in stark relief for personal ideals and liberty.

"We, the intelligentsia of Egypt, supported the revolution at first because we knew that Farouk had to go," she said, "but now I know it is dangerous and we are losing our liberty.

"They know what I think. It is nothing new to them. They told me they wanted me to head a popular demonstration of 40,000 women and go to Colonel Nasser and thank him for the revolution. I said: 'How can you know there will be 40,000 women if it is a spontaneous demonstration?'

A great failure

"They knew if I was there I could make it one million women, but I would not go and the demonstration was a great failure.

Rich, educated at the Sorbonne, with a husband who is Egypt's outstanding lawyer, and two little daughters, Madame Shafik is typical of the Egyptian woman who has everything in the midst of some 10 million women who have nothing.

The Egyptian woman is the most under-privileged woman in the world. She can be divorced in literally a flash and be left with children to support and no means of appeal — and no means of employment either.

Or she can undergo the intense humiliation of having her husband bring another younger woman into the house as his second wife, or even find herself relegated into slavery as he brings a third or fourth wife.

Her magazine

In 1945, Madame Shafik, who holds a doctorate of philosophy from the Sorbonne, started her first magazine called The New Woman.

A year later she began another more popular magazine called Daughters of the Nile, on two pages of which—true to woman's magazine tradition—were readers' problems.

"From those letters—and remember only a fraction of women in Egypt can read and write—I knew how our women suffered. There were no laws protecting women."

So began Madame Shafik's great fight. Mobs attacked the lecture room where she spoke. She and her 14 friends went on hunger strike because the new revolution constitution did not give women the right to vote or be members of Parliament.

The Dancing Major, Salah Salem threatened to throw them through the windows of the office where they held food-less court.

"But," said Madame Shafik, "I could not think of anything but the women of Egypt. Perhaps it was the effect of hunger, but I felt superhuman and I got what I wanted in part—the votes for women, but not the right for women to sit in Parliament."

Although Madame Shafik was implacably against his regime, Nasser needed her tremendous following and finally offered her a seat in the Parliament. But she knew she could not accept. The regime was against all her principles of liberty and dmocracy.

'I must help'

"People say I am a traitor, but I want our country to be great. It would be very easy to be nice and be made the first woman Minister, but something in my heart means more than just popularity.

"Even if I lose everything I must help the Arab world to understand we must have courage and morality and dignity and truth."

It is impossible to disbelieve her sincerity.

Doria Shafik is set like a thorn in Nasser's side but he thinks that the women of Egypt will not let him touch her, despite his attempts to smear her name in the Arab Press.

The man from Jamaica finds business is brisk

HE WENT TO LONDON WITH 10 SHILLINGS .....NOW HE HAS 400 CUSTOMERS

by Kenneth Allsop

TWO summers ago Roy Lando, a 29-year-old West Indian, bustled into Britain with his eye fixed on success. His equipment: a ten-shilling note, a set of de-kinking combs and a ten-year plan for prosperity.

With eight years still in hand, the Lando Plan appears to be proceeding at a fast clip. Inside his Ladbroke Grove hairdressing shop—where queues start forming at 6 a.m. on Saturdays—this son of Jamaica's Minister of Trade told me:

"I see great opportunities here. By 1965 I intend to have built up a business which will give me financial independence—and to do it on my own, without help from my father. Then, perhaps, I shall be able to fulfil my lifelong ambition to become a doctor."

This is how Lando has spent his first 24 months of business-building. First he got in a factory. To save money he used the cheapest cafes and did little more than nibble.

He had done some hairdressing and with his first £5 capital he had cards printed offering private appointments. He tramped ten miles a day through London's streets pushing them through letter boxes.

He rented a basement in Kilburn for 35s. a week and, with the combs he had brought over and a £6 dryer, opened shop. He learned permanent waving—a 60 guinea course paid for by instalments.



. . . and AFTER

By May last year he had 400 customers, mostly coloured. He borrowed £200 and opened new premises, gaily decorated and gadgetted, in Ladbroke Grove. Soon he was giving 70 hair-dos a week.

But Lando was not content. The beauty techniques of Rome and Paris should be studied, he decided, and there he took himself—and then to New York, where by scraping and eating skimpily, he spent four months as a student again. Back to Britain with a diplomat in beauty culture—and a new idea.

In London his coloured women clients complained that they could not buy lipstick and powder dark enough for their complexions. Lando, he declared, would remedy that.

So he is now launching into cosmetics manufacture.

Lando is just one of the 94,000 West Indians who have settled in Britain since 1951. His high-octane enterprise is not commonplace. But the number who have successfully built up businesses of their own and steadily worked themselves into responsible posts reveals as ridiculous the notion—still current—that this is a shiftless and skilless population.

In London, where 25,000 West Indians have settled, a considerable proportion have been absorbed, peacefully and smoothly, into British Railways, London Transport, the Post Office, the LCC and other big bodies. None, quite properly, keeps a separate coloured-worker tally, for they do the same jobs at the same rates as the whites.

On the day I met Roy Lando, I also talked with Baldwin Browne, a 43-year-old Kingstonian who has two thriving bespoke tailor's shops in Shepherd's Bush Road and Notting Hill Gate—and who intends to have more branches. And that afternoon, in Camberwell I called on Adolph Saunders, a £10 a week Fleet Street linotype operator from British Guiana. Both are family men; Mrs Saunders, an ex-school teacher, was in Dulwich Hospital having her third London-born child, while her husband looked after Andre (three) and Norman (one).

There is the 1956 picture of the prosperous stable life that many West Indians have made for themselves in Britain in these past few years. But it is not the complete picture. I can tell you of an important change that is now taking shape.

A year ago an immigrant was found a job within two weeks of arrival (although not always the job he wanted). Now, in London, and especially in the Midlands because of the motor industry's contraction, employment is more elusive.

And that has brought about a dramatic dispersal in coloured communities. Two years ago West Indians were mostly confined in London to Brixton, Stepney and Paddington. Now they are diluting out into 15 other boroughs.

For the families affected this is meaning more uprooting, more adjustments after that major severance from their homeland. But in the long run it may be good—for it is helping break up the ghetto-tendency, the Brixton "Little Harlem" situation, which left big blocs of West Indians unintegrated and virtually isolated.

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Mr Lando's de-kinking process — BEFORE . . .

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





HOW TO ENJOY LIFE AT 80

— By —
Robert Robinson

MR Charles Coburn, I am happy to report, behaves very much like the portly millionaires he has played so often on the screen.

Each evening since his arrival in London he has screwed his monocle into his right eye, slipped into his tuxedo, and gone "on the town."

"The monocle? Essential.

"[illegible] affectation, sir, a necessity. I've had a long-sighted one [illegible] for appearing photographs."

Of course none of this would be at all remarkable were not Mr Coburn in his 80th year.

Make a secret of my age? Why not? If I was ready to hush it up I'd have a comparatively [illegible]

He offered me a cigar the size of the Leaning Tower of Liberty.

ALL THE CUTIES

[illegible] made to be [illegible] He appeared on the [illegible] in the company [illegible] one of the most attractive [illegible] of the age.

"Dear old gentleman, sir, you will have to be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] preferred.

"One day I had a dinner at which [illegible] I have already [illegible] Jane Russell appeared.

"She had had Charley Vidor [illegible] for [illegible] the shooting of 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' on which [illegible] I appeared with that [illegible] Mrs Monroe. I had [illegible] NO preference.

"A blonde is no better, you will agree."

Mr Coburn might well [illegible] and [illegible] became reminiscent.

"A [illegible] should [illegible] more attractive. And it's a fact that the younger woman prefers the older man. A good thing, a very good thing.

"But for myself, I opt for the lady of [illegible] years. A woman after the dreaded [illegible] of fifty.

"Only at that age can she offer the [illegible] combination — that of wife and mother."

TODAY'S DAMSELS

Yet Mr Coburn has young people about him. I dance till three in the morning. It is my only form of exercise. Why walk for exercise when you can dance at a night club?

"I've got natural rhythm—and I make the steps up as I go along. I prefer dancing with young women. Yes, I know at my age I take a chance, being seen about with young women. But I don't live by other people's criticism.

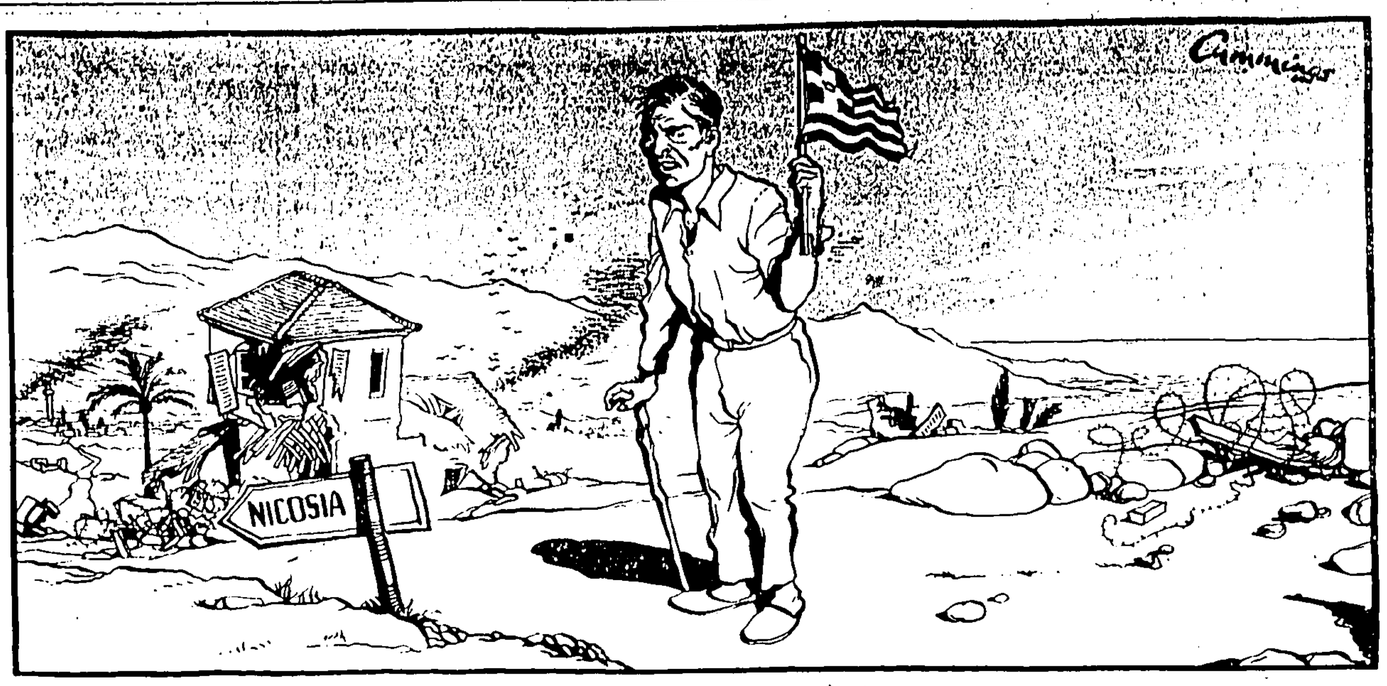
"The young woman of today knocks spots off her grandmother. She is fresh, uninhibited, more honest."

But Mr Coburn, peering through the cigar smoke, confessed that being surrounded by glamour girls in those tycoon roles on the screen can become wearing.

"I was doing a dancing scene with Monroe, and some G.I.s standing near said 'Boy—and he gets paid, too!' They didn't realise that it's only a living."

Midnight chimed — but Mr Coburn, who had to rise next morning at five o'clock to journey to the studios, seemed not to have heard it.

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"Long live the terrorists! They've lost me my home, my wife, my children—but they've given me a flag to wave instead!"

An Eyewitness Account by George Mumford of a Battle Between 400 Police and the Scots Guards Against Two Armed Desperadoes

THE SIEGE OF SIDNEY STREET

I HAD a lofty ringside seat at the siege of Sidney Street — from behind a chimney stack on the roof of a public house.

I saw the whole of the wildest "Wild West" drama London has ever known. During the battle bullets flew past me and one actually passed through the hat of an Evening News colleague, Mr Fred Ward, who was standing beside me.

The siege was the [illegible] of a [illegible] battle [illegible] between [illegible] and [illegible] Police. The battle [illegible] three police constables [illegible] Houndsditch 17 days earlier, on December 16, 1910.

Christmas leave for the police had been stopped, a £500 reward for information offered and detectives, dressed as costermongers, pedlars and hawkers, had combed the East End.

Five men were already in custody. They were thought to have been with the bandits during the raid on the Houndsditch jewellers' shop interrupted by the police, at such tragic loss.

Two of the three wanted men had finally been tracked down to Sidney Street, off the Mile End Road, and on Tuesday, January 3, 1911, began what amounted to a military operation.

Churchill Was There

SIR (then Mr) Winston Churchill, as Home Secretary, watched the battle and at the subsequent inquest rejected criticisms suggesting that he had "directed" the siege.

The fugitives' hide-out was in Martin's Mansions, a block of eight tenements with a shop at each end. I had a good view of it from the roof of the Rising Sun.

No. 100 Sidney Street was a three-storey house with two shops. Its windows were boarded up. Behind them, I knew, were desperate men.

From windows on each floor of normal, law-abiding occupiers had been evacuated in the early hours. Only the bandits remained locked in a second-floor room.

No attempt to dislodge them was made until 7 a.m. when Detective-Inspector Wensley, Detective-Sergt. Leeson, Wensley's right-hand man, fell mortally wounded in the street. Three further hours of fire as his colleagues were removing him on a stretcher. Bullets flew past their heads. One just missed Wensley himself.

By this time about 50 police were on the scene; they were mostly unarmed. The criminals, on the other hand, had ten-chamber Mauser pistols capable of carrying up to 1,000 yards and easily outranging the revolvers issued to about half a dozen detectives.

A call for reinforcements and arms to all East End police stations brought hundreds of uniformed constables to the area, some with rifles. On all sides Sidney Street was surrounded and all approaches to it were barred by lines of men in blue. In all some 400 police officers were on duty. They were kept busy holding back excited crowds of would-be spectators. Every window in the neighbourhood was filled with women and girls craning their necks to see what they could of the battle.

For a long time the street on which I looked down appeared deserted save for groups of police officers at either end who kept well out of the line of fire. But at intervals one or other of the men came to a broken window and fired at random, to disappear promptly behind the dingy window curtains.

Many shots were directed at the window of a house immediately opposite No. 100 and presently we heard a loud crash from that direction. The house was untenanted and had been occupied by the police since the previous day when strict watch on No. 100 had begun. To encourage the bandits to waste their ammunition a dummy police officer had been rigged up and propped up in front of the window and it was some time before the bandit realised they had been tricked.

Enter the Guards

THE crash we heard occurred when one of the shots shattered a chandelier behind the dummy.

The position for some hours seemed that of stalemate. I saw a fire-escape wheeled into the street but no attempt was made to raise it to the windows of No. 100. Sporadic shots were exchanged between besiegers and besieged.

Suddenly, at about 10 a.m., a shout of "Soldiers" went up from the crowd and amid cheers there marched into Sidney Street young Lieutenant Ross and a squad of about 20 Scots Guardsmen from the Tower of London. They were armed with rifles and ball cartridges. Quickly they were divided into small parties and disposed in positions whence they could direct their fire on the door or windows.

Half a dozen of them were stationed in a loft at Mann, Crossman's Brewery behind ramparts of timber. From here they commanded a view of the upper part of the house at an angle of 45 degrees. Others were posted at the corners of Lindley Street and Hawkins Street, on either side of Martin's Mansions, and some lay prone in Sidney Street about 200 yards from the house, on a carpet of newspaper placards borrowed from the front of a nearby newsagent's.

Immediately the soldiers directed a fusillade at the windows of the house and those in the street began crawling nearer. The trapped men replied and Guards-Sergeant Chick was wounded in the leg by a bullet that glanced off a wall.

The heavily-barricaded windows by now [illegible] pieces of furniture in front of them—more clothes in full view of we onlookers. Round all the windows by this time the brickwork was scarred and the pavement was littered with glass from the shattered window-panes.

Shortly before noon Mr Winston Churchill arrived and was seen talking to the senior police officers in the group at the end of the street to my right. Certain suggestions were considered, I afterwards learnt. One was that police should attempt to enter the house behind an improvised shield. Another was that a machine-gun should be employed against the building.

The most famous picture of Sidney Street — Winston Churchill (circled) peers round the corner towards the besieged house.

House On Fire

AS events turned out the problem resolved itself in a different way. Almost exactly at 1 p.m. a coil of black smoke was seen rising from the back of No. 100. A few minutes later the Fire Brigade arrived from the Mile End Road station.

One of the officers approached Mr Churchill and the senior police officers. Then he returned to his men and held them off; they stood watching the house as the fire spread downwards from the attic till flames were lighting up the windows from which the criminals had been firing and eventually burst through the roof.

At 1.45 the unwanted machine gun arrived; also another squad of Scots Guards. About the same time the last shot from the house, fired from a back room, was heard. Then, when it was evident that neither of the fugitives could have survived, the firemen set their hoses to work.

Charred Bodies

MR Churchill remained at the north end of Sidney Street watching the progress of the fire till part of the house collapsed. He had lent his car to take Sergt. Chick to hospital. On its return he was picked up in Hawkins Street and driven back to the Home Office.

The firemen found the charred bodies of two men, both apparently between 20 and 30 years of age. The post-mortem examination showed that one of them had been shot through the back of the head and the other had died from suffocation in the fire.

Fritz Svarrs was one of them —the man referred to as Fritz in the reward notice.

The other was identified by a woman who had known him as Josef. She said she had never known his surname. He and Fritz, according to her statement, had come to her room at No. 100 on the Sunday night and had kept her talking till midnight.

They refused her request to be allowed to leave and threatened her with their fists and a revolver. She had had to take refuge in another room where the police found her when they cleared the premises in the early hours of that Tuesday morning.

At The Inquest

AT the inquest on the two men, held by Mr Wynne Baxter, the East London Coroner, Mr Churchill, in reply to criticism, said he was asked whether he concurred in the decision to hold back the firemen and he had merely expressed agreement that that was the best course.

The jury returned a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide." They added a rider expressing the hope that more stringent laws would be framed to govern the entrance into Britain of criminal aliens.

In the belief that one of the dead men was the notorious "Peter the Painter" the police were disappointed.

The Sidney Street casualties included, besides Police Sergt. Leeson and Sergt. Chick, five constables and three civilian spectators, all with slight bullet wounds, and six firemen injured by falling debris.

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LIFE WITH ALLEN

SUMMER MADNESS

By Gerald Allen

"FIXED your holidays yet?"

Molly and I were queueing outside our local cinema, and after twenty minutes' waiting in a decidedly cold east wind, it seemed incredible that anyone in the small crowd could be interested in anything other than getting inside in the warm. I turned my head to look at the speaker—a girl wearing a knitted cap, deep in conversation with another girl, sporting a spotted headscarf.

"Yes—weeks ago," said the headscarf. "Wonderful holiday camp. Got everything—dancing, swimming, tennis, concerts, games—"

"Going with Ray?"

"Course I am. Any objection?"

"I was only asking in a friendly way," said her friend rather huffily. "It's just that you didn't have too good a time last year when you went to that other camp."

The headscarf frowned.

"That was because his family came with us. It was August and the camp was crammed. Ray had to share a chalet with his father, his brother-in-law, and a man called Cluach, who played the flute. What with the flute-playing and the other two at their special brand of pontoon half the night, Ray never got any proper sleep the whole fortnight.

"Not that I had everything my own way. There was Ray's mother, his sister, and his sister's twin babies sharing with me, and it was very hard to look glamorous with us all dressing shoulder to shoulder.

"Not that Ray noticed what I looked like—he was too worn-out. Fell asleep at dinner the second day with his head in his plate; trifle it was, I remember.

"His father and brother-in-law kept chaffing him about keeping late hours courting. Made me mad. The few minutes we did get together of an evening we couldn't sit down without Ray going to sleep. So it meant us walking about all the time with me holding him up."

The queue moved forward a little and I missed some of the conversation, but soon picked up the thread of it again.

"——over my swimsuit. His mother didn't like it, and said she felt sure Ray didn't, and what were girls coming to—you know the sort of thing. Ray woke up for once and defended me; but, trying to be gallant, he only made things worse. Said I wasn't the kind to depend on fancy clothes—I looked nice in nothing. There was a bit of a misunderstanding all around.

"After that, I got a bit friendly with another fellow called Ricky—a smashing dancer and dead keen on tennis. Mind you, I only partnered him because Ray was too tired for anything, but you'd have thought I'd done something awful the way Ray's family carried on. This Ricky and me got on fine until he told me I was wasted on Ray. It might be true, but I wasn't going to stand for him calling Ray a 'drip.'

"Just to show off, Ricky challenged Ray to three straight sets at tennis. Ray's not keen on the game really, and he lost the first set six-love before he let his racket slip out of his hand and fetched Ricky a fearful smack. By the time Ricky came round, there were about seventy people waiting to use the court, so the game had to be abandoned. I suppose it was an accident, but you can never tell with Ray—he's pretty good at winding a coconut."

The queue moved forward another few yards.

"I hope we don't miss the end of this story", Molly murmured. We both stretched our ears to get the right wave-length. Fortunately the headscarf's voice was of the carrying kind.

"——by the end of the first week. The twins had nasty colds through falling in the swimming pool, Ray's sister and her husband weren't speaking because he'd bought himself a glass of beer with the next week's housekeeping money, and Ray's dad had broken his top plate playing blow-football.

"It didn't make for good relations, so to speak, and there was a chilly atmosphere in our chalet, because I'd accidentally dried my hands on Ray's mum's vest. I felt so miserable, it was only the thought of the fancy-dress dance on the last night that kept me going."

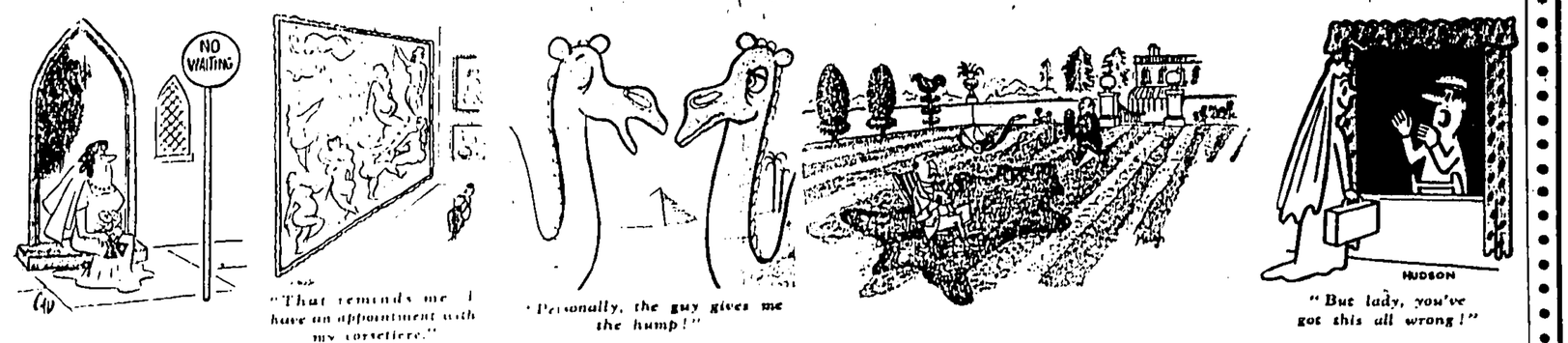
"And did you enjoy it?" asked the friend.

"It was lovely! I went as a ballerina—ever so pretty — my old white satin blouse with the sleeves cut out, and yards and yards of butter muslin for the skirt. Well, two yards actually.

(Contd. on Page 19 Col. 3)

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ZANIES



"That reminds me I have an appointment with my corsetiere."

"Personally, the guy gives me the hump!"

"But lady, you've got this all wrong!"

CAN ANY COUNTRY SAY: NO MORE TRAITORS?

By GEORGE HENDERSON

THERE is not a government in the world that can guarantee there will be no traitors in high places. Every country has had them, including the United States, Britain and Russia.

But since the affair of Burgess and Maclean, the work of would-be traitors has been made much more difficult in Britain than before.

Talk of further combing of the British Civil Service would hardly be justified as a vital measure, for such a procedure would be unlikely to unearth any really bad security risks. The combout has already been in operation long enough—eight years—to take care of the worst cases.

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A Government spokesman said in the House of Commons in November 1954 that since 1948 the number of civil servants removed from their former posts for security reasons was 124.

Since then this number has been increased to about 150. As there are more than 600,000 civil servants in Britain the proportion of bad security risks in Government departments in the U.K. is remarkably small.

And what of the security drive against Communists, or Communist sympathisers, in firms which are doing secret work in Britain?

There are about 800 firms engaged on secret work for the British Government in the United Kingdom. The number of Communists, or suspected fellow travellers, among the workers in these firms, is estimated at between 2,800 and 4,000.

But not more than one in ten of these "security risks" is in a department that handles work involving any degree of secrecy. A Communist, for instance, may be at work producing the outer casing of a new type of bomb. His knowledge of the materials and method of manufacture of his part of the bomb will be of no possible interest to a foreign country.

But there will be some parts of the work such as the fusing of the bomb or the performance, that will interest a foreign country. Any civil servant or industrial worker involved in this top secret work is required to fill in a most complete form in which he is asked such questions as, "Have you any unusual vices?"

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A warning is given that the answers to those questions will be checked if necessary.

In the last few years only about ten industrial employees have been dismissed for security reasons by firms doing secret work in Great Britain. A few dozen Communists or suspected fellow travellers have lost their jobs because of redundancy.

There is a radical difference in Britain between the Civil Service and workers in industry when security risks are under consideration. In the Civil Service an employee threatened on security grounds with transfer from secret duties, or with dismissal, can appeal. No such rights are enjoyed by a worker in an industrial firm with a contract for secret work.

Under a clause in the terms of the contract, the Minister of the Government Department which gave the contract can demand the dismissal of a worker, without giving any reason.

When a Communist or suspected sympathiser is working in a department of a firm where he could handle secret work, he is dismissed or transferred before he acquires any valuable knowledge.

However, it has been recommended that industrial workers accused of being bad security risks should have access to a tribunal similar to the Civil Service one in certain types of cases.

If carried into effect, this recommendation would raise another problem. What MI5 (the British Government's anti-espionage service) is not prepared to divulge is the source of its information, or the extent of it. All that MI5 can do is to place the information it has gained before the head of the department of the Civil Service where the security suspect is employed. The head of that department makes the decision whether the suspect is to be dismissed or transferred.

Given the right to appeal, industrial workers will, undoubtedly exercise it. There are bound to be more difficulties in the placing of evidence before an Industrial Appeals Tribunal than one in the Civil Service, because MI5 is, after all, a Government department.

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The Industrial Appeals Tribunal, which is almost certain to be set up, may make demands for evidence which MI5, in the interests of protecting its informants, is not prepared to give.

I can say, however, that widespread measures designed to eliminate bad security risks in factories doing secret work have now been put into operation in Britain. The nature and scope of these measures will not be revealed.

On the question of security in the British Civil Service, one of the most important recommendations recently made was that "Great attention must be paid to character defects as factors tending to make a man unreliable or expose him to blackball, or influence, by foreign agents.

"There is a duty on departments to inform themselves of serious failings, such as drunkenness addiction to drugs, homosexuality or any loose living which may seriously affect a man's reliability."

Even more important was the recommendation that "an individual living with a wife or husband who is a Communist or a Communist sympathiser may, for that reason alone, have to be moved from secret work and that the same principle should be applied in other cases of a like nature."

If approved, this would be the first time MI5 [illegible] to take action against a man who has Communist or Fascist friends or relatives.

"There are bound to be many dismissals and transfers in industrial firms doing secret work because of this, and even some in the British Civil Service.

"There has been a 'shake-up' in the British Foreign Office since the Burgess-Maclean affair. The ripples have spread to the other branches of Britain's civil service, and now they are stretching out to industry.

Yet no one, not even in the most efficient anti-espionage service, could guarantee that there will be no more traitors.

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Europe and the Free World will suffer unless the British state their case effectively

That "Wicked" John Bull!

BY JOHN FISHER AND DENIS BLEWETT

A BOOK could be filled with the things that Cairo radio says about the 'wicked' John Bull. Here are a few quotations selected from broadcasts made during the past few weeks.

The "Voice of the Arabs," speaking from Cairo on May 15, said: "All we wish to know is the facts, the sweet facts. . . .

"The first of these facts is — how was Israel established in Palestine eight years ago? Britain has been imposing her protectorate on Palestine; she did not wish to protect it for her Zionist friends. . . .

"The second fact is that most of the Arab States have smashed every foreign imperialist influence, leaving them controlled by their own sons who formulate their policy in accordance with the interests of the Arabs. . .

"Most of the Arab armies, of which some used to be disunited or commanded by the imperialists, have now become one army commanded and armed by Arabs."

How sweet the sweetness and light!

Loud And Clear

OR take this piece about Aden, where the British Petroleum Company has been spending millions on setting up a new refinery. It was quoted from Cairo Radio's "Arab Struggle" programme of the same date.

"Only yesterday Britain, attempting to justify all the crimes perpetrated by her imperialism, said the soldiers of Britain died in the defence of the Arabs and not, as the truth is, in defence of the imperialism of Britain and her colonisation of the Arabs."

This presumably refers to the defence of Egypt by the Commonwealth and Allied (not merely British) Armies during World War II.

It seems obvious that in order to make her voice heard, Britain will have to speak out loud and clear.

The radio is the magic box through which the British must declare their foreign policy in the Arab and Middle Eastern world, where vital oil interests lie.

Not only the fate of Britain, but the fate of Europe and the free world, depends on it.

Full Blast

RETREAT by the British from the Middle East sphere of influence would obviously have serious repercussions for all nations outside the Communist bloc.

Beyond the larger cities in the Middle East, newspapers are relatively unimportant. But in almost every Arab cafe and Greek tavern a radio is in full blast almost all day.

What a pity that most of the broadcasts are anti-British but the reason is not hard to find. The British Broadcasting Corporation's service in Arabic to the Middle East, and to Athens in Greek, is on the short wave. Its audience, therefore, consists only of people who can afford to buy short-wave sets and who are interested enough in world affairs to switch over to the voice of Britain.

Experience shows that even this sort of listener will not take more than two hours a day on news and general politics, according to B.B.C. researchers.

The total B.B.C. service in Arabic amounts to only four hours a day, including plays, concerts, music, stories and variety.

Apart from this there is a second handicap which the B.B.C., rightly or wrongly, imposes on itself voluntarily. The B.B.C. does not join in "slanging matches." This applies to the Greeks and Cypriots as well as the Arabs, who are sensitive to "Western" (not only British, but European and American) influence.

"There is no direct denial, for example, of lying accusations put out by Athens radio. Said a B.B.C. spokesman, "It is not our job to correct inaccurate statements by other radio stations."

The Losses

IN the spring of this year Britain lost control of the Arab Legion in Jordan—the finest fighting force in the Arab world and one of the main factors in preserving the peace of the area—largely because of anti-British propaganda from centres like Cairo.

The man on the spot, in more senses than one, was General Sir John Glubb, who was unceremoniously bundled out of the country after 30 years of service in the Middle East, allegedly because he did not follow a sufficiently aggressive policy towards Israel.

And this is what he said about British propaganda: "During the last year we have perhaps lost more in the Middle East than during the previous 250 years. I believe it has happened because we have not realised the revolution which has been worked by the technical instruments which are now to hand.

"In the past, statesmen generally delivered their speeches to well-informed audiences. Nowadays, by means of radio, they can address themselves to savages in the jungle and Bedouin in the desert."

And it seems that relations with the Middle East will not greatly improve and may deteriorate still further as long as the B.B.C. is unable to provide a full service of medium-wave programmes, prepared, styled, and put over by natives of the countries to which the programme is addressed.

William Hickey

EX-KING PETER TELLS ME AT CANNES: 'MY HOME'S HERE FOR GOOD, UNLESS—'

I DROVE to Cannes, Monte Carlo to a small flat overlooking the city, and there I found ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia and his wife, Alexandra, former princess of Greece and a cousin of the Duke of Edinburgh.

King Peter told me: "My wife and I have now decided to settle down in Cannes. I have not given up hope of returning one day to Yugoslavia, but that is no longer in my hands or even in the hands of my own people. It seems to be entirely dependent on the relations between East and West."

King Peter has no private fortune. He said: "I rely entirely on contributions from emigre Yugoslavs."

He is deeply immersed in politics. He said: "We have three separate councils to represent exiled Yugoslavs all over the world, and I am in contact with all of them all the time.

"Strangely, there are more Yugoslavs in Australia than anywhere else."

Peter and Alexandra have rented this small but beautifully appointed apartment, and the furniture went with it. They have no servants but a daily woman.

Said the ex-king: "Life here may be simple, but in a way we are both extremely happy.

"Except as now in the height of the season, Cannes is a beautiful place for a quiet life."

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I HEAR THAT. . . .

PRINCE Rainier and Princess Grace have returned from their Mediterranean cruise in their yacht Deo Juvante. They have gone to the prince's summer villa at Cap Ferret, just over the Mongco frontier in France.

I am assured that Grace's baby, due in February, will not be born in America but in Monaco, and probably in the palace.

It is possible that a leading American gynaecologist will come over to attend her.

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MRS GOULD RETURNS

MRS Frank Jay Gould, central figure in the dispute over her husband's will, has returned to her villa in Juan-les-Pins.

Her husband, the virtual founder of Juan-les-Pins, left an estimated £30,000,000.

While the dispute raged, one of Mr Gould's daughters sent bailiffs to seal the villa.

Mrs Gould was ordered out. Then she withdrew her claim on the French estate—except for a couple of villas. She got most of the American estate.

The two Gould daughters, both by previous marriages, got his estates, hotels, casinos, and property in France.

Mrs Gould told me: "You can't imagine how glad I am to be back. I still intend to keep this villa, a flat in Nice, and a property in Cannes. This, however, is my real home.

"This is the place my husband loved and I intend to keep it just as he always wanted it to be."

She was in black slacks and a black blouse. She said: "I am still in mourning."

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THE AGA DINES

A REST on the Riviera has brought fresh energy to the Aga Khan, as he approaches 80. He is at his Villa Yakimour, near Cannes.

He now walks again with the help of two sticks. His appetite is unimpaired.

He recently went to a gourmet's haunt in Antibes for dinner with the Begum. Ignoring a warning against large meals, he worked his way through the menu.

His wife protested. He said: "I propose a gentleman's agreement. I will go without the dessert."

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SEEN ON THE BEACH . . .

LORD Balfour of Inchrye and Lady Balfour, with the senior steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Willoughby de Broke—who spends half an hour every morning doing violent physical jerks.

Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland has arrived at nearby St Paul.

Former debutantes Susan Lockwood and Fleur Kirwan Taylor almost qualify as Monte Carlo residents.

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ONASSIS OFF

"ARI" Onassis, boss of Monte Carlo, prepares to move out for a cruise in his yacht Christina to Greece—by way of Italy.

The cruise is expected to last between two and four weeks. There will be no large house party on board, but he is expected to take a close friend and many relatives.

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CASINO BLUES

THE big gamblers who have, reputedly, won fortunes this season, have had their worst night of the year at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club.

At the large baccarat table alone the bank won £100,000. But no one here seems to worry about money. The prices stay astronomical.

Night club owner Al Burnett, on holiday in Cannes, cracked: "Everybody gets money around here—it's cheaper."

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Mrs. O'Brien leaves her suitcase packed

She has been interpreting speeches at the Suez conference. But the call to another international conference anywhere in the world may come at any time.

by PHILIP OAKES

FOR the delegates of 22 countries meeting in London Suez spelt crisis. But for Mrs Louise O'Brien, interpreter at large, the word meant work.

For the past five years Mrs O'Brien has covered the world by way of conferences. Her ticket has been her ability to catch the spoken word in mid-air and convert it into another language. And she takes her job seriously. "To help men to arrive at an understanding is a great responsibility," she says.

Mrs O'Brien is brisk, French-born and in her early forties. Last year her husband died and she lives alone in a South Kensington flat.

EXCITING LIFE

"But I am not often there," she told me. "My suitcase is always packed and I must be ready to fly to Timbuctoo at a moment's notice. It is an exciting way to live."

It is also a fairly prosperous way to live. A proficient interpreter earns between £9 and £14 a day. Travelling and hotel accommodation is always first class, and the bills are all paid by the conference in question.

"But of course an interpreter does not work every day," said Mrs O'Brien. "Perhaps for only nine months of the year. And when there is no work there is no money."

Conferences have taken Mrs O'Brien around Europe, to Africa and to Portugal. She has lost count of the number of her assignments and now only remembers the big ones.

High on her list is the Cyprus conference, with the Nine-Power talks running a close second. "But they are all exciting," she said. "One feels in the middle of history. It is a privileged position."

But not all the conferences are political and not all the interpreter's work is done at the conference table.

"If it is a scientific conference an interpreter must be familiar with all the terms that will be used," said Mrs O'Brien. "It means hours of reading textbooks until one can be sure of recognising the unexpected word. And some of the words are very strange indeed."

What makes a good interpreter?

INSTANT REFLEXES

"Most important are instant reflexes," said Mrs O'Brien. "A speech has to be interpreted while it is going on and the interpreter must have an immediate grasp of what is meant.

"Also, it is essential that the interpreter must leave every personal opinion outside the conference room. The translation must be absolutely faithful to what was said.



MRS. LOUISE O'BRIEN
One's reflexes must be good.

"None of us knew how long the Suez talks were to go on," said Mrs O'Brien. "Of course they were exciting, but I have another conference in September. This time in Bangor."

After that comes an aeronautical conference in Edinburgh. And after that? "I never know where I will end up," she says. The telephone may ring at any time. The suitcase stays packed.

(COPYRIGHT)

JOHNNY HAZARD — By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

LUXURY FABRIC FOR EVENING



"Seville", an evening ensemble of heavily embroidered gold and black fabric from Christian Dior's autumn-winter collection. The short jacket has a fitting bodice and three-quarter length sleeves. The dress has a full skirt with wide pleats falling from the waist.—Agence France-Presse.

THE TRICKIEST YEARS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

By GWEN ROBYN

BETWEEN 13 and 16 are some of the most difficult years of a woman's life. And I've got some hard words to say today to seven out of ten mothers with teenage daughters.

Because an army of experts agree with me that you're selfish, neglectful and thoughtless.

Those years can be a terrifying time for the girl who has to go ALONE AND UNAIDED through not only a physical upset but an emotional one.

Adulthood comes overnight. Some show it by being difficult at home, others go "boy mad," and there are those who grow so painfully shy that they just curl up inside themselves with resentment.

HELP NEEDED

It is right at this critical moment that every girl needs understanding and practical help from her mother.

She needs to be made to look her very best to give her confidence to cope. By the time she is 16, when most mothers begin to fuss with pride, is too late.

And there is no excuse for the woman who excuses her laziness by saying: "She is at that difficult age, I can't do a thing with her."

I watched a bunch of 13 and 14-year-olds at a holiday party the other night. I was frankly shocked how ungainly they looked.

Yet a little real care and expert advice was all they needed to turn them from stodgy overdressed lumps into elegant little women.

Don't think that I like to see them painted and primped and dressed too old for their years. I hate it. But a neat, controlled figure, well-cut hair, clear skin and a dress that really suits them will work wonders.

Girls of 13 usually fall into two categories—willowy and roly-poly. In both cases they need some sort of featherweight control and a perfectly fitted bra.

With all that bouncing round at games it is even more important that their bra is correctly fitted—it can affect their figures for the rest of their lives.

Too many mothers buy a bra over the counter. And not enough shops have specially trained young assistants to cope with shy girls. It's not a question of money, merely of making time for a proper fitting.

EMBARRASSING SPOTS

And that girdle? Unless she is training as a dancer, and has more than enough exercise most girls need a little support as soon as their figures begin to show shape.

How many pretty-faced girls suffer untold embarrassment because of growing-up spots? It's no good just blaming school meals for the trouble.

When she is on holiday see that she gets plenty of salads, lashings of fruit and drinks milk or lemon and water.

I found a daily scrubbing with a man's shaving brush and pure soap and water worked wonders with my adolescent skin.

TIME FOR POWDER?

The later the better I say. Here I am—rising 40 and I never use powder.

A foundation with a healthy skin glowing through is much more attractive, I feel.

And encourage them to postpone lipstick as long as possible for once they begin to use it their own natural lip colour fades.

But I believe even a 16-year-old should have a cosmetic "wardrobe" containing a feather light cleansing cream, a weak astringent and some hand cream.

The plainer the girl the more carefully you need to look. If it is difficult, unmanageable hair, don't for heaven's sake pander to her first reaction—to get a perm.

Send her to a first-class hairdresser for a cut — styled specially for her.

It isn't extravagant vanity because once the style has been found the local hairdresser can keep it up.

Don't scold her if she bites them—or even worse, cry and shame her. It doesn't work.

I know because at 13 I was a chronic nail biter. My mother tried everything without success.

But my 16-year-old brother did the trick by buying me a manicure set.

And he not only helped me do my nails every day but encouraged me until they looked pretty good.

SHOES THAT FIT

Ask a salesgirl to X-ray her feet to see if the new shoes really fit without pressure. You can't expect a 13-year-old to know for herself.

And at first sign of a corn, have it properly treated at a chiropodist.

No home jabbing—corns are a quick way to a lined face later on in life.

Invite her to help you choose her clothes, remember the golden rule the simpler the better. And never, never force her to wear something she really hates.

Follow these rules and watch her grow up into the kind of woman who can walk into any room and make every head turn.



"Nuages", a dinner hat of tulle, trimmed with plumes of marabou. From Gilbert Orcel. — Agence France-Presse.

London hair stylist Raymond says:

A Husband's Coiffure Advice May Result In Disaster

New York

YOUR husband says you should let your hair grow long again? Don't do it, warns a British hair stylist.

"Husbands are the worst possible sources of advice for women on hair styles," according to Raymond Bessone, a husband and father himself and also owner of three London beauty salons.

Raymond, as he is known professionally, is now in Hollywood where he plans to create a new coiffure for Diana Dors, British movie star.

"It is not," Raymond said reassuringly, "that a man deliberately will try to give his wife wrong advice on her hair. But a husband suffers from two handicaps.

"If a woman asks her husband whether she should cut her hair or dye it blonde or make any major change, he will say 'no' just to be on the safe side. He is afraid of getting into trouble if it turns out wrong.

CONSTRUCTIVE POINTERS

"When he tells his wife he wants her to change to long hair of platinum blonde, he invariably does it because he has a sudden wish for her to look like somebody else — Anita Ekberg, for instance.

"It is the rare man who admits this. But he wants to change her appearance. The result may not be an improvement. If may even be a disaster."

Having dispensed of men and their role as coiffure counsellors, Raymond then gave some general advice to women on choosing their own hair styles.

"Forget about letting your hair grow long," he said. "It is aging to have long hair. Girls under 20 years old can afford to look older, so for them it is all right.

"Unless you have very regular features, don't try a centre part. If you can get away with it, use it by all means. The poodle cut and the Italian boy cut are out. Experiment with some of the new styles like the Tudor line."

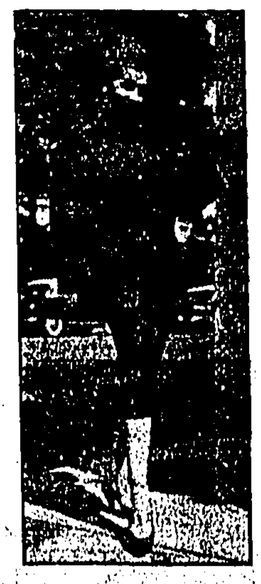
The Tudor line is Raymond's version of a puffy page boy called the "bouffant look" here. The British hair stylist, who carries his own 24-karat gold scissors with him wherever he goes, cuts the hair fairly short, leaving just enough to curl under at the sides of the face and at the back in what he calls a bell shape. The top is flat.

Some women would look terrible with a bell-shaped hairdo, he frankly admits. He approves of soft waves, casual curls, false buns for evening—anything that is flattering.

FRENCH TWIST VETOED

Raymond summarily vetoes the French twist, the severe hair style popularised by actress Grace Kelly before she became Princess of Monaco. That requires the hair to be pulled back tightly and pinned in a flat, vertical role down the back of the head.

"If you can go to the beauty salon three times a day and have it done, perhaps it will become you," Raymond said. "But to pull the hair back so tight is too hard on 99 per cent of the faces. Keep it soft. That's more flattering."—United Press



"Sillet", a tailored outfit in black and green speckled woollen fabric. Note the novel cut of the jacket. By Jacques Heim.—Agence France-Presse.

COMMENTING ON THE ACUTE SHORTAGE OF MANNEQUINS IN NEW YORK, ONE DESIGNER DECLARES

It's A Model's World!

New York.

"WANTED: Model, size 10, 5-6 to 5-9 inches tall. Good salary, steady work. Air conditioned showroom. To model the world's most luxurious furs."

This advertisement is typical of dozens running these days in classified sections of newspapers in the nation's largest fashion centre. For the glamour profession of fashion modelling has developed a labour shortage.

Designers and manufacturers complain there just aren't enough "clothes horses" to meet the showroom demand. And the model who wants a job with one designer, showing clothes to buyers—instead of depending on an agency for hour-by-hour assignments — can just about write her own ticket.

• •

"I have one steady girl and I hang onto her for dear life," said designer Adele Simpson. "I need three.

"It used to be a designer's world on Seventh Avenue. Now it's a model's."

Mrs Simpson said the shortage is so acute many a manufacturer is willing to take a novice and train her—if the girl has the potential in figure and personality necessary to display high style clothes.

"Beauty is not necessary," said designer Mollie Parnis.

Talks with several other manufacturers and heads of model agencies indicated the scarcity is mostly in the showroom model — not at the agencies, where a mannequin is booked by the hour and many appear in as many as six fashion shows a day during the busy spring and autumn season.

However, Natalie Paine, head of the Plaza Five agency, said there is a shortage of all types of top models — for fashion shows, for photography, for television commercials.

"I'm talking about the really good ones," she said.

• •

"We don't notice a shortage," said Candy Jones Conover, a former model who helps her husband run an agency. "But what we do notice is the same old faces around. Apparently there's not much of a new crop coming up."

The fashion industry gives several reasons for the shortage.

Many a model who a few years ago was happy with a steady showroom job now registers with an agency, where the work may not be as regular but the hourly rate makes it worth the gamble. Or, she may head for television, where a few minutes of filming a commercial will pay what a manufacturer might offer for one week.

A showroom model will earn from $70 to $150 a week, depending on experience and ability. And at some manufacturers, part of her wardrobe is furnished.

With an agency, she will earn from $25 an hour up. Miss Paine said her top fashion model averages about $25,000 a year; her top photographic model, nearly $60,000.

"You can't blame the models," said Charles Rudolf, Jr., of Rudolf Gowns. "By free-lancing, some of them can earn in a month what a manufacturer can pay in a year."

Designers say the ideal fashion model is not necessarily a beauty. Herbert Sondheim said "carriage is the most important factor . . . a girl must have a flair for clothes. And good legs of course."

The head of the Plaza Five agency said to her the ideal "clothes horse" is represented in the measurements of one of her top models, Hope Bryce. Hope, a tall, lithe brunette measures five feet, eight inches; has a 33½-inch bust, 21-inch waist, and 33½-inch hips. — United Press.

Designer Deprecates Male Interest In Lingerie Secrets

London

THE brazen modern male gawks unashamed into the windows of lingerie shops.

He reads the advertisements in women's magazines, too.

So today Joy Ricardo, a brilliant young designer, suggested that the time has come to save the last vestiges of feminine illusion.

She wants the keenest minds of the fashion industry to scheme some way of keeping female figure secrets away from the mass of the male population, before it is too late.

"There are still a lot of men in the subject," said Miss Ricardo who served her apprenticeship in the Hollywood studios, "but every day their number is decreasing. When it comes to fashion, ignorance is bliss—for the male—and I want to keep the men happy."

Miss Ricardo cites the case of the topless evening gowns.

"As long as men did not know how they were held up and, I suppose, subconsciously assessed the chances of an accident, these were very popular. Now every man knows they are wired securely—if he can't actually see the wiring cut into the flesh.

"I think the style was doomed the moment men began to speculate on the engineering involved in keeping the top firmly in place."

Miss Ricardo says it appals her to discover how many men she meets who know all about devices for making hips look small or busts look big.

. . . AND THEN THE BEAU THINKS —

"A girl spends time and money dressing herself expensively and well," she said. "Then she meets her beau. He says she looks lovely. But he is thinking, 'all that draping around the hips is designed to hide the fact she is too broad where it shouldn't be too broad.'

"This man and his horde of smirking know-all friends defeat the purposes of the designer. They know that shirring and draping around the bosom are designed to make it appear to be more than it is, that panniers help hide hipiness, that padding around the waist makes the hips look narrower, that puff sleeves are good for thin shoulders and so on."

Miss Ricardo said she did not want to be more specific since her story might be read by those who still believe there is no more to a pretty girl than meets the eye.

"We could start by making advertisements more general, leaving the special descriptions to be given by the saleslaadies tete-a-tete," said Miss Ricardo. "And lingerie shops could cooperate by keeping the more clinical undergarments out of sight.

"But this is bigger than both of us. It's a problem for the whole industry."—United Press.

DRAMATIC BLACK AND WHITE



An ankle-length evening dress of white ratiere lace on black velvet background. Named "Saadi", it is accented with a big bow of black velvet achieving a dramatic elegance. By Jacques Heim.—Agence France-Presse.



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Here it is ... the book that gives complete information on the care of the baby and small child from the prenatal period through to the sixth year ..... detailed advice on Routines, Menus, Recipes, Training, First Aid ..... Complete Record Section from Birth to the twelfth Year.

Illustrated by over 200 "how-to" photographs and drawings, some in two colours.

240 pages. Packed in attractive gift box.

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LEFT: The stars at last week-end's Colony open Chinese swimming championships—Miss Fung Ying-chee and Wan Shiu-ming, with their trophies. The championships were held at the Chung Shing Pavilion, Kennedy Town. (Staff Photographer)



GUESTS drink a toast to the newly-weds. Picture taken at the wedding reception of Captain David Stroyan Wrinch, RA, and Miss Dagmar Rosalie Bowring (Staff Photographer)



BRIGADIER L. N. Cholomeley and Brigadier T. F. de Jago arriving at St John's Cathedral to attend the memorial service for the late Lt-Gen. Sir Otto Lund, Commissioner-in-Chief of the St John Ambulance Brigade. (Staff Photographer)



DR the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, President of the Hongkong Badminton Association, and Mrs Rodrigues with the Malayan women's badminton team whom they entertained to tea. The Malayan girls beat Hongkong on Thursday, and will meet India in the second round of the Uber Cup. From left: Dr Rodrigues, Miss Dolly Tan, Mrs Cecila Samuel (captain), Miss Tan Gaik-bee, Miss Lam Kit-lin, Miss Helen Heng and Mrs Rodrigues. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Carmen Yuen chose a fine selection of music for her piano recital at the Queen Elizabeth School. The proceeds were for the School's building fund. Her playing delighted a large audience. (Staff Photographer)



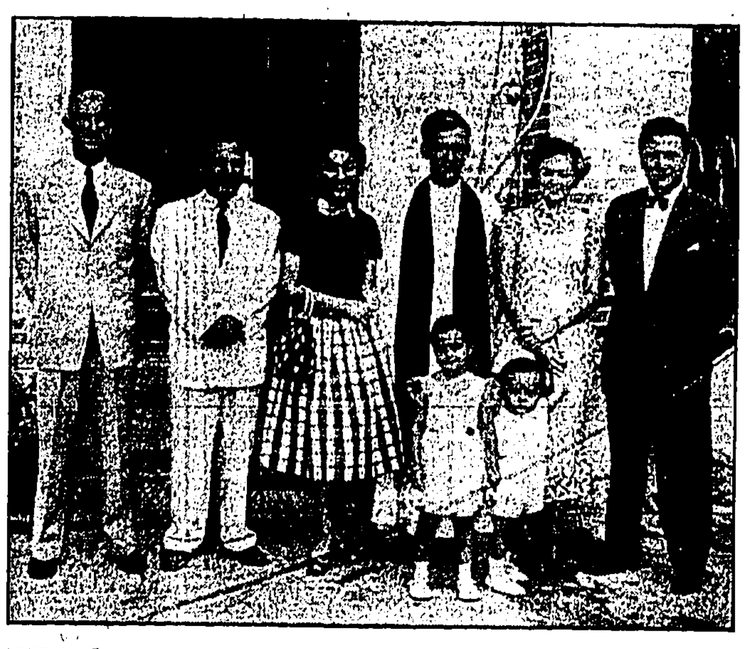
TEA party held at the American International Assurance Co., Ltd. office to celebrate the 55th birthday of the President of the Company, Mr G. M. Hughes (centre), who is seen with Mrs Hughes and Mr Y. C. Koo.



SOLEMN Requiem Mass at the Roman Catholic Cathedral for Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster and Roman Catholic Primate of England and Wales, who died on August 20. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Picture taken at St Andrew's Church last Sunday after the christening of Jeffery George Fenton, son of Mr and Mrs J. C. Fenton. (Staff Photographer)





LEFT: Gregor Piatigorsky (tallest of trio), the world-famous cellist, and his accompanist, Ralph Berkowitz, greeted at Kai Tak by Mr Harry Odell (centre). Piatigorsky gave one concert here. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, takes a look round the handsome new Yau Yat Chuen Primary School which he officially opened last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

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MR Alfred E. Daff, President of Universal-International Films Inc., and his bride, the former Miss Annalisa Soderblom, here on their honeymoon, were entertained to dinner on Thursday night. They are seen with the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Dorothy Mendoza, 20, and Mr Morris Xavier, 23, winners of the Rock and Roll dance competition at the Queen's Theatre on Liberation Day. (Staff Photographer)



AT the farewell party given to Mr Leung Chiu-man, Supreme Court Clerk, by the Judiciary and Legal Department and others of the legal profession to wish him bon voyage on the eve of his departure for England where he is going for training. From left: Mr and Mrs Cheng To and Mr and Mrs Leung Chiu-man. (Staff Photographer)



ALL ready for the plunge! A group of young competitors lined up for the start of a race at the Sheko Country Club children's swimming gala. (Staff Photographer)

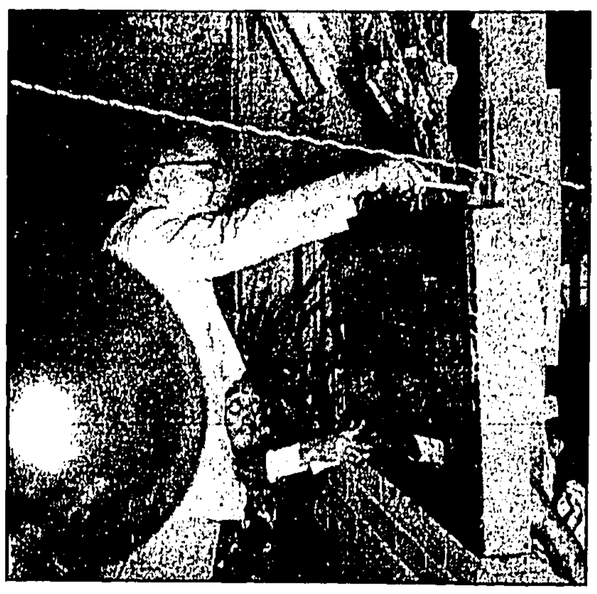


MAJOR G. C. S. Turner, representing HQLF "B" team, receiving the Windsor Challenge Cup for the Services Inter-Unit Golf Championship from the Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. W. H. Stratton. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at St Teresa's Church last Sunday of baby Lionel David, son of Mr and Mrs L. D. Blunden. Chev. J. M. Alves and Mrs C. Baynon were the godparents.

BELOW: Mr Percy Chen, the barrister (left), entertained to dinner by the Chinese Reform Club before his departure for a holiday in Peking. (Staff Photographer)



MR Shum Wai-yau laying the foundation stone of the new Shaukiwan Centre of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



NIPPON University's water polo squad proved too good for the combined Army-Hongkong Regiment side, which they trounced 13-1 at the Victoria Barracks Pool. The teams after their game. (Staff Photographer)





MEMBERS of the Hongkong Private English Schools Association and friends wave from the launch Embassy as it pulled away from Queen's Pier for an enjoyable picnic last week. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: At St Lazarus Church in Macao last Sunday a Mass was said in celebration of the silver jubilee of Father Antonio Ngan's entry to the priesthood. Father Ngan is seen here with the Bishop of Macao, Monsignor Policarpo da Costa Vaz, on his right. (Oscar)





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CLASSIC CARDIGAN

MATERIALS: 22 ozs. Munrospun "Sportscraft wool, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 Knitting Needles, 5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

Bust	36 ins.
Length	23 ins.
Sleeve seam	17½ ins.

TENSION: 5 sts. to 1 in.

IMPORTANT: To make a garment of the correct size the above tension should be maintained throughout. It is advisable to knit a small sample before beginning the garment and to use a size larger or smaller needle if the required tension cannot be obtained with the needles stated.

ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit; p, purl; st or sts, stitch or stitches; in. or ins., inch or inches; st st, stocking stitch; inc, increase (ing); dec, decrease(ing); alt, alternate; cont, continue; beg, beginning; foll, following; tog, together; t b l, through back of loops; wl fwd, wool forward, wl bk, wool back; rep, repeat; sl, slip.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 96 sts. and work 9 rows st st (ie. 1 row k, 1 row p alternately).

Next row: K to form hemline.

Next row: K, then cont. in st st until work measures 14 ins. from hemline ending with a p row.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row: K 3, k 2 tog, t b l, k to last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3.

Next row: P.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 74 sts remain.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 22½ ins. from beg.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Make pocket first: Using No. 9 needles, cast on 20 sts. and work in st st for 4 ins. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

Now cont. with left front.

Using No. 9 needles cast on 48 sts. and work 9 rows in st st.

Next row: K to form hemline.

Now cont. in st st until work measures 5¼ ins. from hemline ending with row inside of work facing.

Now insert pocket lining thus:—

Next row: K.14, sl. next 20 sts. on to a st. holder and k. 20 from spare needle to replace them, k.14.

Cont. in st st. until work measures 14 ins. from beg. ending at side edge.

Shape Armhole and Front: **Next row:** Cast off 3 sts., k. to last 5 sts., k.2 tog., k.3.

Next row: P.

Next row: K.3, k.2 tog., t.b.l., k. to end.

Next row: P.

Next row: K. 3, k.2 tog. t.b.l., k. to last 5 sts., k.2 tog., k.3.

Next row: P.

Rep. from * to * until 32 sts. remain then dec. at front edge only until 24 sts. remain.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 22½ ins. from beg. ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole edge rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work pocket as given for left front.

Now cont. with right front. Using No. 9 needles cast on 48 sts. and work 9 rows in st.st.

Next row: K. to form hemline.

Now cont. in st st. until work measures 5¼ ins. from hemline ending with row inside of work facing.

Next row: K.14, sl. next 20 sts. on to a st. holder and k. 20 sts. from spare needle to replace them, k.14.

Cont. in st.st. until work measures 14 ins. from beg. ending with a k. row.

Shape Armhole and Front: **Next row:** Cast off 3, p. to end.

Next row: K.3, k.2 tog., t.b.l., k. to last 5 sts., k.2 tog., k.3.

Next row: P.

Next row: K. to last 5 sts., k.2 tog., k.3.

Next row: P. *

Rep. from * to * until 32 sts. remain then dec. at front edge only until 24 sts. remain.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 22½ ins. from beg. ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole edge rows.



SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles cast on 50 sts. and work in st.st. for 9 rows.

Next row: K. to form hemline.

Cont. in st.st. inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 78 sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 17½ ins. from hemline measured at side edge.

Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row: K.3, k.2 tog., t.b.l., k. to last 5 sts., k.2 tog., k.3.

Next row: P. *

Rep. from * to * until 50 sts. remain.

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 5 rows.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles cast on 9 sts. k. twice into each st.

Next row: * K.1, wl.fwd., sl.1 purlwise, wl.bk. Rep. from * to end.

Rep. this row throughout.

Work 1½ ins. then make a buttonhole thus:—

K.1, wl.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, wl.bk.) 3 times, k.1, cast off 4 sts., k.1, (wl.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, wl.bk.) 3 times.

Cast on 4 sts. on next row to replace those cast off.

Make buttonholes at intervals of 3¼ ins. until 4 more buttonholes have been worked.

Cont. until band is long enough to border all round front edge and back of neck when slightly stretched.

Cast off knitting 2 tog. all along row.

POCKET TOPS

Return to 20 sts. left on st holder, work 1 row in reverse st.st. for hem and cont. to work in st.st. for a further 1¾ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces to correct measurements with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Join shoulder seams and set in sleeves. Press these seams. Join side and sleeve seams. Hem pockets on inside and turn in hem. Turn up hem along lower edge and on sleeves. Sew on front band. Oversew buttonholes and sew on buttons to correspond.

Press hems and seams.

Colour Gives A Kick To Decor

By Hazel Meyrick



THEY are saying in London that the Englishwoman and her margarine-coloured wall have at last parted company. Until now a background of cream paint, teamed with brown furniture and a green carpet, has been the dreary uniform of the average English home.

But egged on by what she has seen at the new Design Centre, what she has read in the magazines and seen on television, the London housewife has at last been persuaded that there is nothing decadent or indecent about living against a bright background, and so colour is creeping into the house.

Colour has invaded the kitchen with a vengeance—you can now buy your electric mixer, washing machine or refrigerator in any shade from bright scarlet to Arctic green—though there seems to be something wrong, to me, about a red refrigerator.

Ovenproof glassware has blossomed forth in all shades of the rainbow, which makes it an attractive proposition to bring it straight from the oven to the table, and you can now find mixing bowls, for instance, Guardsman red or sunflower yellow.

GLEAMS AND GLITTERS

The new, colourful house furnishings are interwoven with gleaming non-tarnishable metal thread. Tibor Reich, Britain's most progressive fabric designer, is already producing sparkling curtain materials. And in the shops is furniture upholstered in cyclamen sparked with gold, for instance, or peacock shot with black metallic thread. You can buy two-faced cushions, too, in scarlet reversing onto silver, or green onto blue.

Carpets are being given glitter-appeal, and a best-seller with lovers of both traditional and contemporary furniture is a rose-splashed carpet, liberally laced with gold, which glitters expensively under artificial light.

Colour comes into the carpet world with the aid of synthetics. The new by-the-yard close-carpeting now in the London shops is made from thick, tufted viscose yarn, backed by a protective layer of latex. It takes dye particularly well, and can be produced in all kinds of bright colours.

It is extremely hard-wearing and, of course, moth-proof. Easy to cut and lay, this new carpeting is already available in a wide range of bright colours including blueberry, a mauve-blue shade which will go with practically anything, does not show the dirt.

The do-it-yourself craze is firmly settled in now as an accepted part of British domestic life. It has become the rule, rather than the exception, to decorate your own home, and advanced do-it-yourself maniacs can now make themselves anything from a Hi-Fi radiogram and tape recorder to a fibre-glass yacht from special kits.

In the space of an hour or so, even the uninitiated can make themselves a contemporary-style coffee table, bookcase or room-divider which will defy criticism.

Not to be outdone, the makers of what is known in the trade as 'Jacko' furniture — cheap, mass-produced Jacobean-style suites with machine-carved legs, heavily ornamented door handles, are also producing furniture kits.

So now, when you make yourself a table you can choose between stark splayed iron legs or elaborately bulging calves, plentifully ornamented with machined wood carving.

The newest craze with the avant-garde home furnisher is mosaic. You buy up a boxful of miniature half-inch tiles imported from Italy, arrange them according to your fancy on a special base, and you have the beginning of anything from a tiled patio to a tea-table.

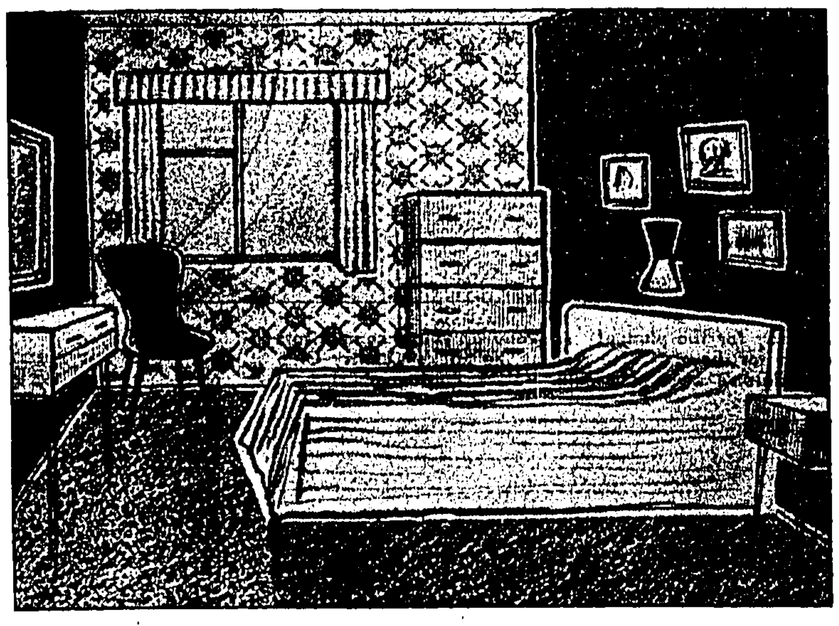
HEAT-PROOF MOSAIC

Mosaic makes good coffee tables (the tiles are bedded in cement on a top of chipboard). Stout and heavy, they cannot be overturned by mountaineering children, dogs or clumsy guests. The tops are completely heat-proof, of course, and can be wiped clean in a second.

Denis Williams, a London tile importer, who sells mosaic by the ton for commercial use, has been surprised lately to find his obscure shop flooded with eager amateurs, delving into tubs of tiles.

The more ambitious buy the mosaic by the barrelful, and use it to make strange surrealist pictures, or giant murals for the bathroom. It is advisable, we are told, to make sure of your cement before contemplating work of this kind, for we did hear of an unfortunate who bedded his mosaic in fireclay by mistake, and was buried under an avalanche of tiles while taking a bath.

Strangest tiling task that Mr Williams has done to date was to line the entrance hall of a cosmetic manufacturer's home with white tiles, then decorate it with giant pillars of varying shades of nightmare red mosaic—to match the complete range of lipsticks manufactured by his firm.



New, cheaper synthetic carpeting gives a luxurious atmosphere to any room, make a wall to wall fitted carpet possible for rooms of any size or shape.

Knitted Lace Stole

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 Grm.). 7 balls selected colour. 1 pair Milwards "Phantom" Knitting Needles No. 11.

TENSION: 10 rows 1 ins (2.5 cm.)

MEASUREMENTS: 60 in (1 m. 52.3 cm.) across top. 43 in (1 m. 9.2 cm.) along each side.

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit, p—purl; st—stitch; sl—slip; tog—together.

DIRECTIONS

Cast on 1 st.

1st Row: K1 p1 k1 into first st.

2nd Row: K1 p1 into first st, p1, p1 k1 into last st.

3rd Row: Sl1, k1, k1 p1 k1 into next st, k2.

4th Row: Sl1, k1 p1 into next st, p to last 2 sts, p1 k1 into next st, k1.

5th Row: Sl1, k1, k1 p1 k1 into next st, p3 tog, k1 p1 k1 into next st, k2.

6th Row: As 4th row.

7th Row: Sl1, k1, k1 p1 k1 into next st, p3 tog, k1 p1 k1 into next st, p3 tog, k1 p1 k1 into next st, k2.

8th Row: As 4th row.

9th Row: Sl1, k1, k1 p1 k1 into next st, * p3 tog, k1 p1 k1 into next st; repeat from * to last 2 sts, k2.

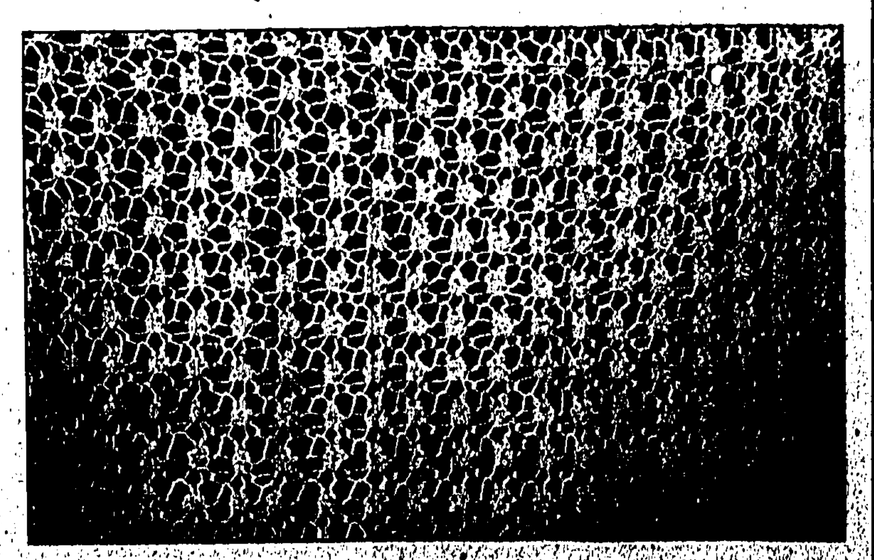
Repeat 8th and 9th rows 132 times more, then 4th row once more (549 sts.). Cast off.

FRINGE

Cut yarn into 8 in. (20.3 cm.) lengths for fringe. Using 8 lengths for each, make a knotted fringe, evenly spaced along each side.

Damp and press.





Household Hints

If you are purchasing draperies that will provide privacy when you want it, choose the pull type. A pull drapery should be wide enough to cover the entire window or hallway opening.

The length of the draperies depends on the height of the ceiling and the effect you want to achieve. Long curtains or draperies in a room with a low ceiling tend to increase the room's apparent height. More material is required for a pull drapery than for side drapes.

• • •

Stains will disappear from sinks and washtubs if you clean them with a solution made of equal parts of baking soda and chlorinated lime with boiling water. Spread paste on stains. Let stand a few minutes before rinsing.

• • •

This mixture will help you remove old varnish from furniture: 1 quart water to which 3 tablespoons washing soda have been added. Apply and then scrub with rough cloth.

• • •

The best way to clean gilt frames is to pat lightly with a solution of equal parts of ammonia and denatured alcohol. Take up soil with a dry pad. Finish with a little lemon oil to lend lustre.

SHOULD SWEETS BE EXCLUDED FROM CHILDREN'S DIET?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

I HAVE put myself on record repeatedly in opposition to health rules. I don't want my life regulated by somebody else's rules and I don't think that I have a right to prescribe rules for anybody else.

Take for example the hard and fast dictum to permit no foods to children between meals except vegetable and fruits. This is undoubtedly a good theory, but few children understand medical theories. Many children with small appetites are unable to eat enough food at regular meals and they may become very hungry between meals. Maybe they do not like fruits or vegetables well enough to eat them. Should such children be denied a peanut butter sandwich, a simple cooky or a small glass of milk between meals? I don't think so.

Closely coupled with this is a rule to permit no liquids between meals except water. This is obviously aimed at soft drinks. I am no advocate of flooding a child with soft drinks, but neither am I fanatically opposed to all use of soft drinks by children.

MODERATION

In reasonable moderation, they do no more harm than sugar in any other form. It is much easier to abide consistently by reasonable patterns of moderation than to enforce strict prohibitions, especially when your child sees all his companions doing the things he is not permitted to do.

One of the most common causes of complications between parents and children is the parental feeling that the growing child must continue to eat as he grows in proportion to the way he ate when he was a baby. This is illogical, because growth slows up in the 'in-between' stage and with the slowing of growth appetite diminishes.

Few children can eat three large meals a day; many do very well on two and some thrive on one. At other mealtimes these children will eat much less and only part of it then. If they are given an opportunity to partake of many varieties of food there need be no fear of malnutrition. There is no point in talking needless issue with the child over his eating.

Many children have difficulty eating meat because of the chewing problem. This can often be solved by using hamburger which contains just as good meat protein as roast beef, steaks or pork chops. Made into meat loaf or meat balls, hamburger is often relished by the young child.

The burning question in many families is the consumption by children of cookies, cake, ice cream, pie, sugared popcorn confections, popcorn, candy or soft drinks. These are the things that a child really likes.

Hard and fast exclusion from the diet creates a rebellious child and may pose an eating problem over the foods the child should eat. These sweets should certainly not constitute too large a portion of a child's diet but after a child has had what he should have there is no real harm done by permitting him an occasional limited indulgence in these dietary frivolities.

GOOD EXAMPLE

Limitations in a child's diet are most difficult to enforce if older children and adults are permitted the indulgence denied to the smaller child. The infant and young child accepts his own diet and if he were offered a piece of pie he would not know what to do with it but when the youngster sits up and feeds himself he wants what his parents and older children are having. He has not yet reached an age of reason where he accepts explanations for not having what he wants.

If you are going to enforce a ban against ice cream, then you must not have it at the table yourself. The same goes for other food stuffs, just as it does for alcohol and tobacco. Young people who see that their parents are smoking and drinking are not going to be impressed by the evils of alcohol and tobacco. We need a great deal more common sense and a more liberal use of the good example rather than more rigid rules and regulations.



BIRDWATCHING AT THE SEYCHELLES

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MISS MONROE LOSES THE SPOTLIGHT TO A YOUNG CURATE

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

London.

IT is only fitting that in a year which included such visitors as Messrs Bulganin and Kruschev, King Feisal of Iraq and the Australian cricketers we should include that queen of the celluloid empire, Miss Marilyn Monroe.

Nor did Miss Monroe lack what is technically known as a build-up. Had not the great Sir Laurence Oliver chosen her to play opposite him in the film version of Terence Rattigan's play "The Sleeping Prince" in which Sir Laurence co-starred with his wife Vivien Leigh in the theatre?

There was a clattering of tongues when it was made known that Miss Monroe was chosen to play the film version of the part which Vivien had created in the theatre. Vivien Leigh has many gifts but no one would number self - effacement among them. From the time that she sprang to fame as Scarlet O'Hara in the film "Gone With the Wind" she has been a star in her own right. Why then had she made way for Miss Monroe of Hollywood?

The riddle was soon solved. It was announced that Vivien Leigh at the age 43 was going to have a baby. Already she has a daughter of 23 by her first husband, a financier named Leigh Holman, and now there was to be a little sister or brother for Miss Holman. Thus did the London newspapers forget all about Marilyn Monroe for a day in their enthusiasm for Vivien and the coming event. Unfortunately some weeks later it was announced that Miss Leigh had lost the expected baby and that she was resting.

Yet it is not possible to remain indifferent to Marilyn for very long. Nobody has any intelligence and a lovely face, beauty but she cannot even raise her eyelid without it seeming like a great spectacle

★ ★ ★

Writing merely as a contemporary observer of the passing scene I must confess that Miss Monroe seems as normal as any young women in any ordinary town in the great U.S.A. When she decided to marry she did not choose a Casino pitheding or a millionaire from Wall Street. Instead she went to the altar with Mr Joe DiMaggio whose great days as a baseball player had ended. To marry a professional baseball player at the height of his fame would be to great odds but to wed him when his career was ended looked like real love

Obviously such a marriage presented dangers. No man who has experienced the adulation of the mob can fail to experience resentment or at any rate disillusionment when he finds that his fans have forgotten him. Much as Mr DiMaggio may have loved his piquant Marilyn he must have been soured by the realisation that the cheers which once rang in his ears were now for his Hollywood wife.

It is, however, a compliment to her ex-husband that Marilyn married again and without undue delay. She obviously believed that marriage is good for a girl and an institution to be preserved. And thus in the brevity of time she became Mrs Arthur Miller. This was her third marriage as she had a trial canter in the matrimonial stakes with a young man when she was a mere sixteen.

★ ★ ★

Unlike the eminent baseball player Mr Miller is an intellectual. He has a mordant wit and a sardonic philosophy. His mind moves on the path of resentment for he does not suffer fools gladly.

But London was as disinterested in him as it would have been in Mr DiMaggio—probably more so because the English have a deep respect for men who succeed in sport.

The climax of Miss Monroe's visit was when Terence Rattigan, the youngish handsome author of "The Sleeping Prince" decided to throw a great party at his splendid Georgian country house some twenty miles from London in the heart of Berkshire.

Sir Laurence was co-host with him and of course Vivien Leigh was there with him. That supreme actor of the English stage Sir John Gielgud was also present at the party in all his classical melancholy. He seldom smiles yet his greatest success on the stage was in Oscar Wilde's humorous masterpiece "The Importance of Being Earnest." For a time it seemed that his career was finished and that he would walk the rest of his days in darkness and in shame but his gifts saved him from that fate.

★ ★ ★

Now let us look at our host, Terence Rattigan, like Dorian Gray, shows no sign of the passing years. He has written romantic comedies which have brought him the reward of laughter and wealth but he seldom smiles

A theatre of a diplomat he was intended to follow in his father's steps but the stage dazzled him instead

When the Hitler war came he was asked by the authorities to help arrange entertainment for the troops but, instead he became an air-gunner in the Air Force. Night after night he flew in the attacks over Germany and refused to be grounded

Unlike most authors and all journalists he dresses like a tailor's model. If he had a collision with an omnibus it would be the bus that would emerge dishevelled.

The only one who rivalled him for quiet elegance at the party was Douglas Fairbanks who would be automatically Sir Douglas if he would exchange his American citizenship for British. The honour was bestowed on him in principle and deservedly so but he chooses to remain an American in fact almost "The American" in London.

But what was our heroine doing all the time at the party? Marilyn danced with three partners only—her husband, their host her hairdresser (Sidney Guillaroff) and finally her host. Since we are recording history to be read a hundred years from now (perhaps) it should be put on record that Miss Monroe danced a second time with her husband to the tune of "Embraceable You."

★ ★ ★

At four o'clock as a lovely summer's morning was waiting to spread its largesse upon the awakening earth the party broke up.

As all dramas must have a final line to bring down the curtain let us quote the verdict of the host: "It was such a friendly party. There was no damage at all."

By an odd coincidence there was a rival attraction to all these activities sponsored by the man who discovered Miss Monroe and gave her a first chance in Hollywood. I refer to Ben Lyon who married the famous Bebe Daniels. They have lived in London for the last quarter of a century. Their daughter Barbara was married to her television producer on the Saturday of the week preceding the party for Miss Monroe.

Ben Lyon is the most modest of men, a pilot in the first war, yet as gentle as a lamb. Somehow he got a job as a young man with one of the great producing studios in Hollywood as a sort of talent scout. No one paid any attention to him which, he admits, was fortunate because they would have fired him if they had known he was still there.

But one day there came to his office a frightened girl whose real name was certainly not yet Marilyn Monroe but who was the heroine of our tale. She had no experience of acting, in fact she had no experience of anything. She was just film stuff.

Ben told me the story one night of how he talked to her on that first momentous meeting and, greatly daring, he decided to give her a screen test. It was hard to say which of them was the more nervous because Hollywood was in a cautious mood and preferred the established stars even if they were waning before their eyes.

"She looked so small and helpless," said Ben. "I just couldn't tell her to go. Somehow I got the studio to give her a screen test, but no one bothered to look at it. Yet she stayed on in Hollywood and suddenly got an offer from another studio. I guess some soft-hearted guy fell for her like me."

Whereupon Ben's company put her on the payroll and eventually the path of glory was open to her.

It must have seemed like a jest of the Sardonic Satirist that at the reception following Barbara Lyon's wedding the question which the guests asked ad nauseum was "Is Marilyn Monroe coming?" At any rate Marilyn did not come and we had to hide our disappointment according to our temperaments

Strangely enough I heard that question more than once at the Buckingham Palace Garden Party to which, among others, M.P's and their wives are invited on a rotation basis. "Will Marilyn Monroe be here?" But it was not to be. Personally I am glad that it was so because the crowd would either have surrounded her or else ignored her and both would have been painful

★ ★ ★

But the fates were not finished with the heroine of our tale. In the midst of the festivities and the fan worship of the mob came the news that Marilyn's husband had been arraigned in New York for un-American activities. Like so many intellectuals in New York he had dallied with the Communists—or so it was said.

A philosopher once said that people go to the theatre to escape for a few hours from the drama of real life. It may well be that Marilyn Monroe will find escape in the filming of "The Sleeping Prince" from the grim drama of her husband facing a tribunal that has charged him as an enemy of the American way of life.

Perhaps it would have been better if she had not parted from her baseball husband. Joe DiMaggio might have felt ill at ease in the presence of Olivier, Gielgud, Rattigan and Fairbanks but when the party ended his rugged normality might have been a comfort to the little creature for whom there is no privacy, no home life and no anonymity.

Suddenly Miss Monroe ceased to be news. With the fickleness of the mob a new hero had replaced her. A handsome young Curate, playing in a test match against the Australians at Old Trafford, had scored a century.

Long live the Curate! Long live cricket! The English have turned from the goddess of the films and returned to the god of sport.

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WHAT MAKES SHEEP'S HAIR SO VALUABLE?

By JENNIFER JOHNS

Washington

TELL, rent in one of the more colourful corner of the Western Rocky Mountain area reads, "USDA, Sheep Experiment Station, Dubois, Idaho"

Translated, USDA stand for the United States Department of Agriculture, and the chances are that very shortly Dubois may be a familiar name in the vocabulary of textile manufacturers throughout the world. These manufacturers are prepared to pay well for Premium Quality wool uniform in length and texture and free from weakness and off colour fibre. Such wool is needed to be manufacture of worsted and woollens, two principal clothing fabrics.

Because of the above demand USDA breeding experts cooperating with State experiment station centres in the country's sheep breeding sections and with wool industry experts, are seeking to develop sheep that will produce wool with the desired characteristics. At the same time they are aiming to breed animals with higher yields of fleece and mutton

Already the U.S. wool experts have had considerable success. At the Dubois station, for example, the famed Rambouillet breed has been improved in the evidence fineness of its wool. Two promising new breeds, the Columbia and the Targhee, have also been established and the proportion of Rambouillet rams produced fine-staple fleeces has been increased from 92 per cent (1942-45) to 98 percent in 1953 and the breeding work continues.

Heavier Fleece

As a result of the Station's painstaking selection of breeding stock, an average Columbia ewe now produces about 12 pounds 5.4 kilograms of medium-grade wool a year while the average Targhee ewe produces about 11 pounds 4.9 kilograms of medium-fine wool. The rams of both breeds produce considerably heavier fleeces.

Meanwhile an experimental [illegible] the USDA research centre at Beltsville (Maryland) provides data on processing quantities of wool from individual sheep and from groups of sheep. The plant has complete equipment for scouring, carding and combing the wool, including the most modern commercial worsted carding machine and a French comb.

A sheep's wool - producing ability and the value of its fleece are (apparently) measured by several factors. It seems that the most important of these are the yield of clean, grease-free and dirt-free wool, staple length and fineness of fibre. The fibre is measured in microns and a micron is (I am told) approximately .00004 inch or .001 millimetre. Which is pretty small measuring.

Wool Tops

Probing further into this business of what make a sheep's hair so valuable I discovered that fineness and length of fibre vary in a single fleece. Wool from a sheep's back is generally finer than from its thigh. Before being processed therefore, fleeces are sorted visually by experts and are classified for fineness and length of wool into main matchings or "sorts" (the largest portion of the fleece), secondary matchings (lesser portions) and "off-sorts" (wool with vegetable matter and discoloured, dungy locks).

Each main matching is individually scoured and carded to prepare a fleece for combing. The card sliver (strand of wool from the carding machine) is put through several operations that straighten and distribute the fibres before combing produces "wool top" (the longer fibres from the matching). Noils, or waste, from the combing are short, broken and tangled fibres.

In the experiment at Beltsville, selected individual fleeces from sheep of specific cross breeds are [illegible] breeding [illegible] *discovered that a higher percentage of clean and carded wool was obtained from crossbreeds than from the parental pure-breds*

At present a five-year co-operative study by the Utah State Experiment Station and USDA's Dubois Station is nearing completion. The study aimed at finding out the processing differences between fleeces from individual Targhee, Main [illegible] from 1,200 fleeces have already been individually sacked and shipped to Beltsville for processing into wool tops. These processed fleeces have varied from 3 to 1 to 18 to 1 their ratio of wool top to noil. Even fleeces of the same average fineness vary as much as from 9 to 1 to 14 to 1. This wool is also being analysed for length and strength and the breeding and nutrition of the sheep is being studied

At the same time exploratory research into the fibre-spinning properties of wool top from individually identified Targhee ewes is being done under contract with the Lowell Technological Institute Research Foundation at Lowell, Massachusetts. Differences in fibre and yarn properties among main matchings from individual sheep selected at random have been detected in this study.

Vital Work

The processing of individual fleeces by USDA and its affiliates is a time-consuming job, impossible for a commercial organisation to undertake. It is vital work, however, for the information on yields and quality of wool from individual sheep makes possible more precise selection of breeding animals.

From these studies USDA hopes to improve America's wool-producing flocks in a big way and thus make the wool (and mutton) producing industry more profitable. Finally it is believed that these improvements will eventually be noted and acted upon in other countries whose research facilities are necessarily restricted.

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CHEMISTS TO CHECK MIND-PILL SALES

By Chapman Pincher

London.

CHEMISTS have been advised not to supply tranquillising drugs "mind pills" used to relieve anxiety and tension -except on prescription.

The Pharmaceutical Society has made this move on its own initiative; there is no legal ban on the sale of the latest tranquillisers over the country.

The society is asking the Government to ban over-the-counter sales of the drugs by officially listing them as poisons.

Difficulty may arise here, for there is no evidence that the latest tranquillisers are poisonous or have any dangerous after-effects.

ASPIRIN TOO?

But pharmaceutists argue that no drug which acts on the central nervous system should be used except on medical advice. Many chemists oppose this view, because this argument could be used to ban the general sale of aspirin and many other household remedies.

Officials of the society are to call on chemists to see whether the "advice" is being followed. Chemists who continue to display the drugs or sell them without prescription will be reported to the society, which can take disciplinary action.

Most of the manufacturers, who do not advertise the drugs to the public, are opposed to over-the-counter sales.

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THIS BIG BOOM BEATS BILLY GRAHAM

By Alexander Broad

Washington

THE Big Boom, the important boom, is not the boom in refrigerators or new houses or cars with more chrome plate than any other cars in the world.

The startling boom is not even the religious boom started by Billy Graham.

It is the boom in higher education.

On paper, at least, no group of people on earth has ever been educated to the pinnacle attained by the Americans of 1956.

This autumn, the boom will reach such proportions that some universities are considering something very like a double shift. They are also considering how they can make it tougher to get into university and tougher still to stay there.

At the moment, according to some reliable estimators, something like 20 percent of the children who get through elementary school also get to university. It may be that less than half of those who get to university graduate, but they get there anyhow.

There are now 1,850 institutions of higher education in the United States, employing more than 200,000 teachers and, at the moment, trying to educate very nearly 3,000,000 students.

And every year the numbers get bigger, the college presidents get more grey, the taxpayers get poorer, the nation inherits a staggering number of men and women bearing pieces of paper which testify to the fact that, in somebody's eyes, they are educated.

Enrolments and staff have about doubled since 1940.

There must, in theory, be a limit to the trend. The population has increased only about 20 per cent while the universities have doubled their registrations.

If both trends continued unabated, 100 per cent of the population would be getting university educations within a century.

Educators, frankly, take a dim view of this prospect.

They look, for instance, at Britain where, under a system designed to ensure that no one capable of profiting by a university education misses it, less than five per cent of the students who get through elementary school finally get to university.

American universities are already trying to cope with four times that proportion.

Unless America produces, proportionately, four times as many bright children something has already gone sadly wrong.

Of course, there are explanations. American universities have a much wider scope than their British counterparts. I know of one institution which does, or used to, offer a course in cafeteria management.

Most, however, offer, in practice, very little that is unique. They are trying to do very much the same sort of job as universities elsewhere in the world.

The worship of numbers is itself one reason for the boom. (I also know of an institution which once paid its teachers according to the number of pupils in their classes.)

And there is the further complication that, in the United States, you have to have money to go to university. Fees must, in almost every case, be paid by somebody who is not the benevolent state.

A troubled and thorny problem. . . . A Big Boom which may be good or bad and nobody really knows which.

Billy Graham's boom, by the way, is still going strong.

He has leased Madison Square Gardens in New York for six weeks at $6,000 a night.

The Gardens are usually reserved for World Heavyweight Title boxing matches and other sporting events of a similar magnitude.

But Dr Graham's worry is not whether or not he can fill the place.

Rather the reverse: He has had a clause inserted in the contract which stipulates that, if the Gardens do not prove big enough, he can move after two weeks.

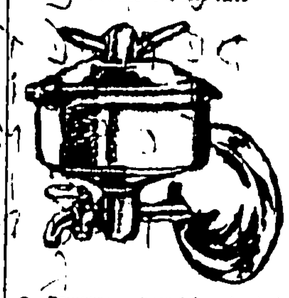
The only bigger place in town is the Yankee Stadium—a baseball park.

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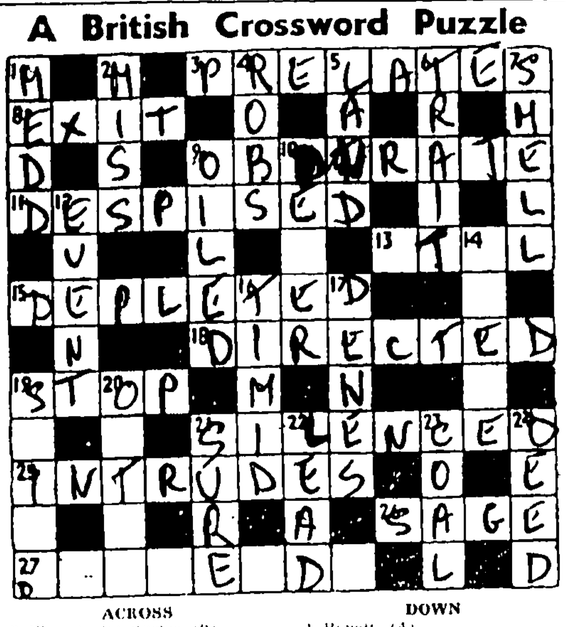
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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



"I suppose it would be silly to hope that the Russians might sell the Egyptians up the river before the Americans sell us!!"

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

3 Church dignitaries (8)
8 Way out (4)
9 Stubborn (8)
11 Scorned (8)
13 Saucy (4)
15 Exhausted (8)
18 Guided (8)
19 Cease (4)
21 Quietened (8).
25 Trespasses (8)
26 Wise (4)
27 Swells (8)

DOWN

1 Repair (4)
2 Damsel (4)
4 Plunders (4).
5 Praise (4)
6 Vestige (5)
7 Aroma (5)
9 Labriente-l (5)
10 Submit to (5)
12 Happening (5)
14 Steward (5)
16 Fearful (5)
17 Valleys (5)
19 Spotted (5).
20 Expletives (5)
21 Cream (4)
22 Go ahead (4).
23 Fuel (4)
24 Exploit (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD Across 1 Dynamo, 4 Rapid, 7 Accurate, 8 Fines, 9 Talent, 11 Largess, 13 Rattles, 15 Cases, 18 Noted, 19 Generate, 20 Drear, 21 Seemed Down 1 Stale, 2 Acute, 3 Mantle, 4 Rafter, 5 Princess, 6 Leaves, 10 Latitude, 12 Assess, 14 Resort, 16 Lure, 17 Agree, 17 Sleed

KENNETH ALLSOP'S RECORD ROUND

THE £1,000 A WEEK TEENAGRS' IDOL

THE whimpyings of love-maddened Frankie Vaughan fans still seeped through the dropped curtains of the Blackpool pier-head theatre. But backstage Vaughan was telling me about the familiar sound of his childhood, before he became a £1,000-a-week singer — the shrill of a policeman's whistle.

While the 27-year-old son of a Jewish upholsterer (real name: 'Ableson') stripped off top hat and tails, he said: "I grew up in a Liverpool slum, in a real Cohen and Kelly area. I was in gang wars. You had to fight and steal — otherwise you were 'chicken.' At the age of four I was look-out for a mob of warehouse breakers - until a big Irish cop picked me off a wall and took me home to mother.

PARTLY LUCK

"A lot of my friends went to Borstal. I could easily have become a shady character. It was partly my family's influence and partly luck that kept me out of bad trouble."

The only bad trouble Frankie Vaughan has nowadays is with gangs of teenage huntresses who encircle him with raised ballpoint pens and the gaping jaws of autograph albums.

Business-like, he says: "These kids are my bread and butter." Butter both sides, and jam too, I gathered after riding in his new £2,000 Plymouth Belvedere back to his 17 guinea-a-week house to meet wife Stella and baby David Simon.

But he does not forget the days of hard tack. That is why he spends a considerable amount of time and energy supporting boys' clubs. All the proceeds from his Philips record of "Seventeen" (250,000 sales) went to the Boys' Clubs Association and he is about to do another money-raising concert tour for them.

BOMBED OUT

His rise—"out of all that scum and rottenness"—was partly inadvertent. Bombed out of Liverpool, family moved to Lancaster. Young Ableson got a scholarship to a grammar school, studied art, went into the Army and came out determined to paint.

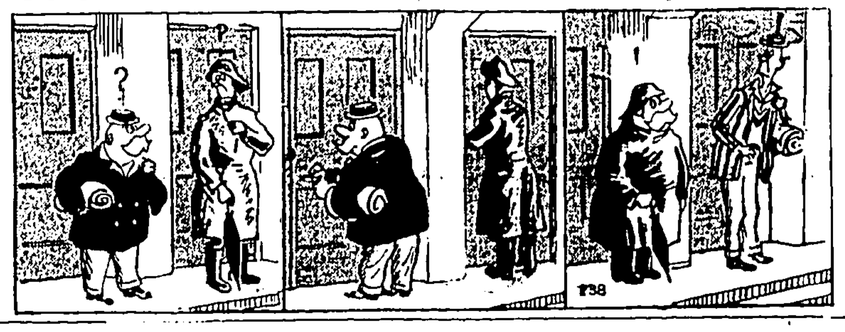
He borrowed £5 from his father and stormed London. The storm turned out to be only a damp drizzle. No jobs, no work. The £5 became a handful of dust. What he still had left were his looks—and a voice, experimented with during Service social evenings.

So he performed before an agent and the agent immediately got him out to perform before provincial audiences at £100 a week.

Since then—ever wider audiences, via television and records. But, unlike many of the new big-money record set, Vaughan can perform "All those girls see me as a happy character," he said. "Punch and sincerity—they're the things that count."

Latest Vaughan record: "Let's Go Steady" (Philips 78).

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter





A CERTAIN SMILE. By Francoise Sagan. Murray. 8s. 6d. 132 pages.

THERE were two questions that Dominique liked to ask people. The first was "Are you in love?" The second was "What are you reading?" All other things were less important.

Dominique was very young. She studied at the Sorbonne. She liked jazz, the novels of Jean-Paul Sartre and straight whisky. Her lover was a fellow student named Bertrand, but the affair was beginning to bore her. Bertrand, she felt, was sentimental.

Then along came Luc. Luc was Bertrand's uncle, a middle-aged lawyer with strong hands, a slow way of speaking and an understanding wife named Francoise. Luc was not sentimental.

"He's just the type who tries to seduce young girls like me," thinks Dominique. And the thought does not alarm her at all.

The seduction goes according to plan. "We'll have a lot of fun together, just fun," Luc promises. They dance together, dine together, and finally go away to share a room with a view of the sea.

After two weeks they return to Paris. "It is a rare thing to say 'I like you' after two weeks cohabitation," says Luc. And Dominique recognises the beginning of the end of the affair.

When it happens there are no tears, no recriminations. "I am a woman, and I have loved a man," thinks Dominique. "It is a simple story; there is nothing to make a fuss about."

Francoise Sagan makes no fuss either. Her second novel (much better than Bonjour Tristesse) is strong, simple and beautifully controlled. It only lacks warmth. The love affair is opened up for inspection. The surgery is perfect. But the heart is no longer beating.

★

THE CALL HOME. By James Courage. Cape. 13s. 6d. 252 pages.

NORMAN GRANT went back to New Zealand to pick up the pieces. His wife was dead, killed in a car crash. His career as a doctor had come to a full stop. And his own life was in the balance.

"You want to die," his young niece tells him. "I can see by your eyes." James Courage's novel charts the course of one man's return to the world with restraint, compassion and flint-fine writing.

★

BEYOND DESIRE. By Pierre La Mure. Collins. 15s. 384 pages.

FICTIONAL revamping of the life of Felix Mendelssohn with the bedroom scenes played fortissimo. Pace and a feeling for period, but the greasepaint is inches thick.

★

GOODBYE IS NOT WORTHWHILE. By William Mole. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. 192 pages.

CALMING his conscience after sending a blackmailer to the gallows, Catron Duke—wine merchant and detective extraordinary — encounters sudden death in the Bahamas. Excellent atmospherics and a sharp look at the smart set. Novel No. 2 sends Mr Mole to the top of his class.

★

THE SLEEP OF REASON. By Warren Miller. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d. 163 pages.

"THE sleep of reason produces monsters." Miller's monster is a McCarthyite senator named Mugonnigle, whose witch-hunt is still in full stride. Some excellent satire, subdued bawdry and shrewd comment.

MISS SAGAN SHARPENS HER SCALPEL

But the heart, alas, is still not beating

FICTION SHELF by PHILIP OAKES

THE ODDS GO AGAINST A MARRIED GENIUS

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

SCHUMAN AND THE ROMANTIC AGE. By Marcel Brion. Collins. 21s. 375 pages.

ROBERT SCHUMANN had a genius for music and a talent for silence. After an hour, during which Schumann did not utter a word, Wagner said: "One cannot talk alone for ever." Schumann said: "Wagner talks incessantly. One cannot put up with it for long."

He had a beautiful wife, Clara, who was a talented pianist. This had its disadvantages. An Austrian archduke asked him, "Are you a musician, too?" And when Clara was asked to the grand-ducal palace at Oldenburg, Schumann was not.

"It just shows how the odds are against me," he wrote, and thought of emigrating to America—"a terrible decision," from which he was saved by reading a poem about a young man who went into a distant country and met misfortune. "Clara read the poem, too, and was very thoughtful."

In due course, Schumann took up spiritualism. One night he jumped out of bed to write down a theme the angels had just sent him. Next day he was fished out of the Rhine and spent three years in an asylum where he died.

He was a great romantic composer and a dull methodical man with an infuriating streak of old-maidishness. Brion's study —a French sympathiser's book about a German romantic — suffers from a persistent cloudiness of meaning, probably inevitable in writing about music that "attempts to transcend music to reach the grand dialogue of the All with itself."

★

CLARA SCHUMANN AND BRAHMS, A PASSIONATE FRIENDSHIP. Edited by Marguerite and Jean Alley. Staples. 16s. 214 pages.

WHEN Schumann died, his beautiful wife was already being comforted by the chivalrous attention of a young composer of 21, Johannes Brahms. He was kind to her; she was grateful to him; they wrote many letters to one another.

But, so far as can be guessed, the passion did not get beyond the letter-writing stage. Clara, aged 35 and endowed with a character, may have imposed limits on the affair. Or Brahms may have concealed, beneath his high-flown regard for Clara, a basic dislike of her sex.

The letters which they exchanged make vivacious reading. Although inconclusive about the nature of the "passionate friendship," they are more interesting than "the dialogue of the All with itself."

★

DRUM. By Anthony Sampson. Collins. 16s. 256 pages.

WHEN Sir Abe Bailey's son Jim started a Negro magazine in South Africa he asked his Oxford chum Sampson to join him. Editing Drum for three and a half years, Sampson shed some illusions.

"Cheese-cake, crime, animals, babies"—white or black, the workers of the world unite in their reading-tastes. What had started as a weekly run by white do-gooders became a shade darker, several degrees more popular.

Missionaries frowned; circulation soared; and Sampson learned about Africa the hard way.

Learned that in black Johannesburg, ruled by criminals, one African in every 30 will be murdered; the other 29 will be beaten up badly enough for the police to hear of it.

Apartheid, dividing the races artificially, sets up a magnetic sex-attraction across the colour-line. And who shall say where that line is to be drawn: "Close investigation of the whiteness of the whites would produce results that would shake the theory of apartheid to its foundations."

Candid, unsolemn record of a young man's stay in one of the world's sore spots. Seen near to, the trouble is just as ugly but far more complex.

★

THE COAST OF CORAL. By Arthur C. Clarke. Muller. 21s. 206 pages.

ARTHUR Clarke and Mike Wilson went exploring the stone under-sea jungles of the Australian Barrier Reef, with aqualung and camera. Some day, they thought, the Reef would be a Mecca of underwater tourism and they wanted to get there before the crowd.

Coming up for air, Clarke composes a good-natured, vastly readable addition to the shelf of underwater literature. It tells of a wonderfully strange land, of brushes with highly dangerous fish and glimpses of beautiful ones, and it reports a belief confirmed. "The Reef could become one of the great playgrounds of the world."

★

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS. By Millar Burrows. Secker and Warburg. 30s. 435 pages.

"MOST precious discovery of their kind since the Greek and Latin classics came to light," the Dead Sea Scrolls have stirred curiosity, controversy, even alarm. Some curiosity will be satisfied — and some more whetted—by Dr Burrows's full, convenient and on the whole comprehensible account of the finds and what they mean to scholarship and religious belief.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Where Credit Is Due

BY HARRY WEINERT

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Borge Orgy Tonight Over Radio Hongkong

In tonight's "Celebrity Spotlight" listeners to Radio Hongkong can hear the incorrigible Victor Borge of the nimble fingers and nimble wit — caught in the act of convulsing his audience with a mixture of music and comedy.

As serious collectors of amusing records will already know, Victor Borge makes monkeys out of most composers — classical and 'pop'. One of his classics is the celebrated "Mozart Opera by Borge" — a skilful slice of mayhem consisting of an overture and a handful of arias, all brilliantly performed by Mr Borge.

It is not only splendid burlesque of the music, but a damaging swipe at the stately and inactive libretti of certain Mozart works. Moreover, it shows Mr Borge at his wonderful best in puncturing the visual frauds that have been built up about much serious music. On the other hand it is evident that Mr Borge harbours no grudge against the classics alone; "Tea For Two" and "The Third Man Theme" will never again sound quite the same.

Football:—This evening, at 6.30, Radio Hongkong will broadcast commentaries on the second half of the match between Israel and Hongkong in the Asian Cup series. The commentators will be Brig Young and John Wallace.

In order to broadcast this commentary Unit Requests, presented by 'Linda', will be in two parts—the first from six until six-thirty, and the second from seven fifteen until seven forty-five. This evening 'Linda' is calling the 1900 Independent Air O. P. Flight, RAF.

Music:— Monday night's recital is by Hongkong's foremost harmonica player — Lau Mok. Accompanied by the well-known pianist and composer, Harry Ore, he will play Sarasate's "Romanza Andaluza", "Sevilla" by Albeniz, and Six Rumanian Folk Dances by Bela Bartok.

Regular listeners to "Music Lover's Hour" will be glad to hear that Radio Hongkong has decided to allocate an extra half hour period weekly to Classical Requests and, beginning on Monday evening, Aileen Dekker will be presenting the first programme at 7 o'clock. This period will be devoted to requests for short pieces — thus leaving the Friday evening "Music Lover's Hour" for the performance of longer works.

Serial — Martin Chuzzlewit — At half past seven on Monday evening, listeners to Radio Hongkong can hear the first episode in "Martin Chuzzlewit," Charles Dickens' novel which has been adapted for broadcasting by Charles Lefaux, with Donald Wolfit in the title role. Episode one is concerned with "Mr Pecksniff's New Pupil".

"Talking About Teaching" — For teachers and those interested in education, Radio Hongkong is to begin broadcasting a new series of programme called "Talking About Teaching".

These programmes will be on the air weekly on Tuesday evenings at 6.15, and in the first programme — "Thinking About Education", Miss Robina Macintyre, Vice-Principal of a Teacher Training College in London speaks of the supreme aim of Education, and the possible ways in which it might be achieved.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. FAVOURITES HAWAIIAN SONGS. Bing Crosby
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. Eric Robinson conducts his own orchestra.
2.00 "JUST FOR YOU'.' Listeners' Requests. Presented by Ray Hamilton.
3.00 "RODNEY STONE." A serial in seven episodes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Dramatised by David Stringer. Episode 1: 'Friar's Oak.'
3.30 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Nicolas Travers.
4.00 "OKLAHOMA." Excerpts from the film sung by Gordon MacRae & Shirley Jones with orchestra conducted by Jay Blackton.
Overture—orch.; Oh, what a beautiful mornin'; The Surrey with the Fringe on top; Kansas City; Many a New day; People will say we're in love; Out of my dreams; Oklahoma.
4.30 BBC JAZZ CLUB. Mick Mulligan and his Band. With George Melly.
5.00 ROSEMARY CLOONEY SINGS FOR YOU. From the London Palladium.
From the moment on; Tenderly; It's de-lovely; Love, you didn't do right by me; This Ole House.
5.15 THE DEEP RIVER BOYS. Honey, Honey; That lucky Old Sun; St Louis Blues; The Stars are the windows of heaven.
5.30 ROBERT STOLZ CONDUCTS HIS OWN MUSIC.
Our finest hour, Venus in silk; Play with me, A little Tavern on the Gulf of Naples, Yearning for you, Waltzing in the Clouds, Goodbye little Captain of my heart, Blue eyes, Melody that haunts my heart.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY
6.03 UNIT REQUESTS Presented by Linda.
Calling 1900 Independent Air O P Flight, R A F
7.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM With Sydney Thompson and his orchestra
7.30 CANADIAN SHOWCASE Denny Vaughan, his orchestra and the Bobolinks
I promise you, In single blessedness, Give me, Denny's Dance, I feel so great
7.45 ANTAL KOCZE AND HIS GYPSY BAND
Roumanian Dance, Hungarian Song
7.59 WEATHER REPORT
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS
8.09 COMMENTARY OR STOP PRESS ITEM.
8.15 "CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT" Victor Borge
8.30 (approx.) LES BROWN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Sentimental Journey — Doris Day (vocal), Twilight Time, Bizet has his day, Mexican Hat Dance, Out of nowhere, Daybreak Serenade, Tenderly
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards in "TAKE IT FROM HERE"
Alma Cogan, June Whitfield, Wallas Eaton with the Keynotes.
9.30 FILM MEMORIES WITH SIGMUND ROMBERG
Softly as in a morning sunrise, Will you remember, One alone, Deep in my heart dear, Drinking song, Eric Mattson (tenor), Genevieve Rowe (sop.), Lawrence Brooks bar(t), Lillian Cornell (mezzo-sop.), I bring a love song, Jean Carlton (sop.) and William Diehl (bar.), When I grow too old to dream, One Kiss — Eric Mattson (ten.), Genevieve Rowe (sop.), Lillian Cornell (mezzo-sop.)
10.00 POPULAR CLASSICS
'Konzertstuck' in F minor Op 79 for piano and orchestra (Weber) — Robert Casadesus (piano) and the Cleveland Orch conducted by George Szell. Intermezzo (from "L'Arlesienne Suite No 2") (Bizet) — L'Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris conducted by George Sebastian; Jeux D'Enfants — Petite Suite d'Orchestra Op. 22 (Bizet) Edouard Lindenberg conducting L'Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris
10.30 RADIO DANCE DATE
Trois Fois Merci Foxtrot—Noel Chiboust and his Orch., Que Va Rumba — Roger Bourdin and his Orch., Yo No Se Por Que Te Quiero — Jacques Cohan, Joseph Colombo and their Orch., Mister Tap Toe—Foxtrot — Doris Day (vocal) with Paul Weston's Orch., I'll always be following you — Jimmy Dorsey and his Orch — Sandy Evans (vocal), You Foxtrot — Gee Palmer (vocal) with Lew Douglas' Orch., Pa-paya Mama; You alone — Perry Como (vocal) with Hugo Winterhalter's Orch. and Chorus, Come to the wedding—Danny Davis (vocal) with chorus & Joe Leahy's Orch.; Be my love—Jerry Mengo and his Orch.; Armandina—Noel Chiboust and his Orch., Original Dixieland One Step, Absent minded Blues; 1919 Rag — Dutch Swing College Band; My ever-lovin' Bill Hayes (vocal) with Joe Lipman and his Orch.; Teen-age Rock; If you only had a heart—The Gadabouts (vocal) with Lew Douglas' Orch.; Bing Bang Blues; C'etait cent; Le Musicien; Perpetua — M. Philippe-Gerard and his Ensemble, So this is love — Joe Loss and his Orch.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
11.29 WEATHER REPORT
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
10.15 MORNING MELODY
10.30 HUGO WINTERHALTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA Eddie Fisher (vocal)
Penthouse Serenade; Stairway to the Stars; I've told every little star (from "Music in the Air") (Kern—Hammerstein II)—orch.; So in love; My one and only love; The girl that I Marry; I surrender, dear—Eddie Fisher; High on a Windy Hill; Stars in my eyes; Swingin' on a Star—orch.
11.00 SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE Conducted by Colonel F. E. Jukes, Salvation Army. Preacher: Major Ruth Hummerston.
11.45 BLANCHE THEBOM SINGS FAVOURITE BALLADS.
Mighty Lak' a Rose; Homing; Calm as the night; The Rosary; Trees—with the London Symphony Orch. conducted by Warwick Braithwaite.
12.00 noon "THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY." Carmen Cavallaro at the piano with orchestra conducted by Morris Stoloff.
Manhattan; Shine on Harvest Moon; Whispering, Dizzy Fingers; You're my everything, Chopsticks—piano duet; On the sunny side of the street; Brazil, La Vie En Rose; To love again.
12.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.
Conductor: Charles Groves.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. SONGS BY JANE FROMAN AND CHORUS.
"With a song in my Heart". Opening production & It's a Good Day; Tea for two; Blue Moon, Embraceable you, Get Happy.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 SPORTS CAVALCADE Edited by Brig Young Produced by John Wallace.
2.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.
3.00 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. James Melton (tenor) With Howard Barlow Chorus and Orchestra
3.30 BBC VARIETY PARADE. Peter Brough and Archie Andrews in 'Archie's the Boy.'
4.00 HOME REQUESTS Presented by Hilary.
5.00 JAN GARBER AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Gee but it's nice to have somebody nice; You're the only star in my blue heaven, Jan's Jingle, But not for me, I love my baby, Nothing really matters, Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans; Honolulu Eyes—orch., She's a good little girl, All, Coconut Grove.
5.30 ORCHESTRA OF THE "CONCERTS COLONNE" Conducted by Daniel Stirn.
Nutcracker Suite Ballet (Tchaikovsky), The Blue Bird Ballet (Tchaikovsky), The Black Swan Ballet (Tchaikovsky)
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY
6.03 FORCES' EVENING SERVICE Conducted by the Rev. J. C. Worthington, C.F.
6.30 MASTERS OF MELODY Sidney Torch and his Concert Orchestra.
The music of Paul Rubens
7.00 THE SINGING BOYS OF MEXICO
La Golondrina, Adios Mariquita Linda, Juan Colorado, Vergin Tutto Amor, Rondes Infantiles Mexicanas, La Primavera, Repeti Sunt, Sol, Per Te, Guadalajara, Salvator Mundi; Evviva Rosa Bella Romano Picutti (conductor)
7.30 MILANO AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
Leave me just a little bit of you, If it were up to me, If you should leave me, All my life; I'll always be in love with you; I fall in love with you every day; Don't sit under the Apple tree; When they ask about you; That's my weakness now; Please don't talk about me when I'm gone.
7.50 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
8.9 COMMENTARY OR STOP PRESS ITEM.
8.15 JOURNEY INTO SPACE. "The World in Peril"—Episode 15.
Written and produced by Charles Chilton.
8.45 "THEIR MEMORIES LINGER ON."
Ignace Jan Paderewski (piano). Sonata in C sharp minor Op. 27 No. 2 ('Moonlight') (Beethoven) Andante; Trio and Variation 1 from "Variations in F minor" (Haydn); Spinning Song Op. 67 No. 4 (Mendelssohn); Etude in G flat major Op. 25 No. 9 (Chopin); Minuet Op. 14 No. 1 (Paderewski); Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven).
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. "SHOWTIME FROM THE LONDON PALLADIUM." Sixth of a new series of programmes from the World's Greatest Variety Theatre with The Skyrockets Orchestra, The Keynotes, Ian Wallace (baritone), Arthur English (Comedian), Anne Shelton.
Wilfred Thomas introduces the show from his vantage point in the Royal Box.
9.30 THE SUNDAY CONCERT Henry Wood Promenade Concert—London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult.
Overture "Academic Festival", Concerto in A minor for violin, violoncello & orchestra (Brahms), Symphony No. 3 in F (Brahms)
10.55 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
11.10 MUSICAL INTERLUDE.
"Die Maurerfreude" K V 471 (from "Masonic Music") (Mozart)—Rudolf Christ (tenor), Vienna Chamber Choir, The Vienna Symphony Orch conducted by Bernhard Paumgartner.
11.20 EPILOGUE (RECORDED) Conducted by the Rev J E Sandbach.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND DIARY FOR TODAY
8.10 MUSIC FROM LATIN AMERICA.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 DOUBLE ATTRACTION Nat King Cole (vocal), The McGuire Sisters (vocal).
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC FOR YOU. Eric Robinson and his Concert Orchestra with Karel Horitz (cello), Marie Goossens (harp).
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
6.08 LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS CHAMPAGNE MUSIC.
Pennsylvania Polka—instr.; Champagne Polka — Joan Mowery and Norman Lee (vocal); Raise the window down—Jo Ann Hubbard and Trio (vocal); Home again Polka—Bobby Beers (vocal); When the organ played at twilight; A Blues Serenade; Twilight time; Musette.
6.30 "MATTERS OF PRIORITY." A series of programmes prepared by the United Nations Radio.
No. 5—'Windmills and Mirrors' (Power for the Arid Zones).
6.45 "BOX 200." Bert Gillett at the organ.
7.00 CLASSICAL REQUESTS Presented by Aileen Dekker.
Overture "Rosamunde" Op. 26 (Schubert)—The Residency-Orchestra (The Hague) conducted by Willem Van Otterloo; Pastorale (Dom. Scarlatti) — Monique de la Bruchollerie (piano); Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni) — George Weldon conducting the Philharmonia Orch.; Polonaise in A flat major Op. 53 ('Heroic') (Chopin) — Artur Rubinstein (piano); Prelude No. 5 in D major Op. 23 No. 4 (Rachmaninoff)—Moura Lympany (piano).
7.30 Donald Wolfit in "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT" By Charles Dickens
Episode 1—'Mr Pecksniff's New Pupil.'
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY OR STOP PRESS ITEM.
8.15 EVENING STAR. Harry Belafonte.
In that Great Gettin' up mornin'—with the Norman Luboff Choir; Unchained Melody; Jump down, spin around — with the Norman Luboff Choir; Sylvie — with the Norman Luboff Choir.
8.30 "THE BAND WAGON" Excerpts from the sound track of the film, starring Fred Astaire, and Jack Buchanan.
A shine on your shoes; By myself; Dancing in the dark; Triplets; New sun in the sky; I guess I'll have to change my plan; Louisiana Hayride; I love Louisa; That's entertainment; Couple of swells; Cheek to Cheek; Piccolino—Stanley Black conducting the Kingsway Promenade Orch.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
9.30 HARMONICA RECITAL BY LAU MOK With piano accompaniment by Harry Ore from the Concert Hall
Romanza Andalusa (Sarasate); Sevilla (Albeniz, arranged by Heifetz); Six Rumanian folk dances (Bartok).
10.00 Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards in "TAKE IT FROM HERE." Alma Cogan, June Whitfield, Wallas Eaton with the Keynotes.
Repeat of last Saturday's broadcast.
10.30 POWERHOUSE DANCE PARTY. Grady Martin and the Slew Foot Five Dutch McMillan (saxophone). Dutch McMillan (saxophone).
Star Dust; Don't take your love from me; That's my desire; Cecilia; People will say we're in love; September song; Rose Room; Sentimental Journey; Singin' the Blues till my daddy comes home; Night and day; A pretty girl is like a melody.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND DIARY FOR TODAY
8.10 STAGE AND SCREEN MELODIES.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.

12.15 p.m MORNING PRAYERS. By the Very Rev. F.S. Temple.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 TeD HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
With Dennis Lotis, Kathy Lloyd, Bobbie Britton.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. JOHNNY COSTA (PIANO) WITH RHYTHM ACCOMP.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
6.08 MUSICAL INTERLUDE.
6.15 "TALKING ABOUT TEACHING." A new series for teachers and those interested in teaching—"Thinking About Education."
The first of six talks in which Miss Robina Macintyre, Vice-principal of a Teacher-Training College in London, speaks of the supreme aim of Education and possible ways it might be achieved. 1.—"Education for What?"
6.30 MUSICLAND, U.S.A. Earl Wrightson, Jimmy Carroll, Frances Greer, The Musicland Serenaders, Alfredo Antonini and his Orchestra.
Interview by Bernard Sobel.
7.00 INTERNATIONAL HALF HOUR. Music from Belgium.
7.30 "FIRST HEARING." Presented by Alex Bortie.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY OR STOP PRESS ITEM.
8.15 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC. With Frank Baron and his sextet.
8.30 MOTORING MAGAZINE. A monthly magazine.
Edited and introduced by Timothy Birch.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE MUSIC MAKERS.
Quartet No. 1 op. 15 in C minor for piano, violin, viola and cello (Faure)—The Robert Masters Pianoforte Quartet (Robert Masters, violin; Nannie Jamieson, viola; Muriel Taylor, cello; Kinloch Anderson, piano).
9.30 CASTAWAY'S CHOICE. W. B. Foster is interviewed by John Wallace.
10.00 JOURNEY INTO SPACE. "The World in Peril"—Episode 15.
Written and produced by Charles Chilton — Repeat of last Sunday's broadcast.
10.30 ONE NIGHT IN MEXICO.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. New Concert Orchestra.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
1.35 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 LUCKY DIP — LISTENERS' REQUESTS. Presented by Margherita.
7.00 "VIRTUOSO". Jascha Heifetz (violin).
Melody in E flat, Op. 42 No. 3 (Tchaikovsky), Nocturne Op. 55 No. 2 (Chopin), Prophet Bird Op. 82 No. 7 (Schumann), I dream of Jennie with the light Hair (Foster), Dance No. 4 (Krein).
7.15 CANADIAN CHRONICLE. News and views on up-to-date affairs in Canada.
Presented by Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.
7.30 "TIME FOR JAZZ." With Robin Day.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY OR STOP PRESS ITEM.
8.15 EVENING STAR. Carlos Salzedo (harp).
"The Harmonious Blacksmith" Variations; Gigs; Menuet D'Amour; Petite Valse; Trampin' thru Arkansaw.
8.30 NORRIE PARAMOR, HIS STRINGS AND ORCHESTRA.
The nearness of you—vocal; Stairway to the stars; Stardust; Embraceable you, Stars fell on Alabama; The touch of your lips; All the things you are; I'll get by; Deep purple.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. WEDNESDAY THEATRE. "The Burning Secret"—A play for radio by Alan Jenkins based on the story of Stefan Zweig.
Produced by Archie Campbell.
10.00 BOULEVARD CAFE.
C'est a Hambourg — Caterine Sauvage (f. vocal); L'illusioniste—Philippe Clay (m. vocal); C'est l'Amore—Dario Moreno (m. vocal); Chanson pour l'Auvergnat—Juliette Greco (f. vocal); Le Petit Indio—Henri Salvador (m. vocal); Istanbul—Dario Moreno (m. vocal); L'enfant de la balle — Patachou (f. vocal); Ave Maria no Morro—Miguel Amador (m. vocal); Mon pot' le gitan—Mouloudji (m. vocal); La haine—Jacques Brel (m. vocal).
10.30 PIANO CONCERTO (abridged). Jesus Maria Sanroma (piano).
With Boston "Pops" Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler.
10.45 THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Oscar Straus.
Tiralala Waltz; From Strauss to Straus.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 NOTHING BUT MUSIC.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 FROM THE SHOWS.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
6.08 "STORIES AND RHYMES." 'The Beggar and the Pancake.' MUSICAL INTERLUDE:
Parade of the Gnomes; Parade of the Chessmen — London Promenade Orch.; Parade of the Imps—George Grobrock-Ferrari and his Orch.
6.30 STUDIO: PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.
7.00 "HERE IS DICKIE VALENTINE." With the Skyrockets conducted by Eric Rogers.
All my songs are for you, Mister Sandman; A blossom fell; Cleo and Meo; Finger of suspicion; I'm singing a song for the old Folks; Pretty baby; For me and my gal; The Clown who cried; Tap Dancer; Knees up, mother Brown; Rock a bye your baby with a Dixie Melody; Santa Lucia; Bye Bye Blackbird, Broken hearted.
7.30 Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in "LIFE WITH THE LYONS." Episode 42—'The Flitch.'
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY OR STOP PRESS ITEM.
8.15 LETTER FROM AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke.
8.30 MUSIC OF THE MOMENT. Featuring Hit songs of today and tomorrow.
Honey hair, sugar lips, eyes of blue — The Crew Cuts (vocal); Charlie's Dream — The Sensational Dance Orchestra of Les Elgart; On the street where you live—Michael King; The One I love belongs to somebody else—Frankie Carle (piano) with rhythm; Walk hand in hand—Ronnie Carroll (vocal); The Continental—David Rose and his Orch., The Birds and the Bees—Alan Dale (vocal); Blue, turning grey over you—Gene Krupa and his Orchestra; Gonna get a girl—Dickie Valentine (vocal).
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. THURSDAY SCRAPBOOK. A magazine entertainment for most ages, in which there is music of a sort, meetings with interesting people, various problems in sound, and all manner of trivia for your distraction.
Edited by Timothy Birch and presented by David Lytle.
9.30 AT THE OPERA. "The Threepenny Opera" (Kurt Weill).
Macheath (Mack The Knife) ... Scott Merrill
Mr J. J. Peachum ... Martin Wolfson
Polly Peachum ... Jo Sullivan
Mrs Peachum ... Charlotte Rae
The Streetsinger ... Gerald Price
Lucy Brown ... Beatrice Arthur
Tiger Brown ... George Tyne
Jenny ... Lotte Lenya
Orchestra conducted by Samuel Matlowsky.
10.30 POPULAR LIGHT ORCHESTRAS.
Petite—Percy Faith and his Orch.; The White Swan — Morton Gould conducting the Rochester "Pops"; Mademoiselle de Paris — Michel Legrand and his Orchestra; Bewitched—Erroll Garner; I'm in the mood for love — Andre Kostelanetz and his Orch.; Georgia on my mind—Benny Goodman and his Orch.; If hearts could talk—Percy Faith's Orch. Bernadine Read (vocal); I'll see you in my dream; Goodnight, Sweetheart — Les Elgart and his Orch.; Yesterdays—Paul Weston and his Orch.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY)
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.10 ORCHESTRA CALL.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYERS. By the Rev. Father R. W. Gallagher, S.J.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 RHYTHM AND ROMANCE. With Percy Faith and his orchestra.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
6.08 PROGRAMME FOR CHILDREN. Presented by Valerie.
6.30 POPULARITY POLL. Presented by Ted Thomas.
7.00 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE.
7.30 "JAZZ HALF HOUR." Presented by Robert Acheson.
Further excerpts from the Radio Hongkong Jam Session. Recorded on occasion of the farewell to Tommy Abraham (guitar) by Freddy Abraham (piano); Ponching Garcia (piano); Hal Lorenzo (piano); Eddie Costa (piano); Connie Grego (Alto Sax); Abe Cortes (alto sax); Nick Domingo (tenor sax); Barry Yanneza (trumpet); Terry Miles (vibes); George Peterson (bass); Peter Castellejos (bass); Ricardo Flores (drums); Kenny Seyer (drums); Lay Cordeiro (drums); Bob Leyton (drums); Grace Archer (vocal); Robert Acheson (clarinet).
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
8.09 APPEAL FOR THE HONGKONG ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION.
8.15 "MOVIE MAGAZINE." Compiled and presented by David Lytle, including the background story of "Reach For The Sky", the Douglas Bader film.
8.45 "TALKING ABOUT BOOKS." Michael Griffith reviews:—"The Empress Wu" by C. P. Fitzgerald. Published by Cresset Press; and Timothy Birch reviews:—"Noblesse Oblige" by Nancy Mitford.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR — CLASSICAL REQUESTS. Presented by Aileen Dekker.
10.00 ASIAN CLUB.
10.30 CAVALCADE OF MUSICAL COMEDY. With Rise Stevens (mezzo-sop.), Robert Merrill (baritone).
If you were the only girl; More than you know; If there is someone lovelier than you; I get a kick out of you; You and the night and the music; I'm in the mood for love; Just one of those things; If I loved you—orch. conducted by Ted Dale.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 21.530 Mc/s, 13.93m and on 17.810 Mc/s, 16.84m)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 FOR CHILDREN
7.30 'SIMON AND LAURA.' Episode One.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP
8.25 Report from the WEST COUNTRY.
8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES
8.45 FOLK MUSIC ON MANY LANDS. 9: Austria.
9.00 THE CHAMELEONS
9.15 Cricket AN ENGLAND XI v. THE AUSTRALIANS.
9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.00 Great Tom. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 SPORT.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 2

6.30 p.m. COMPOSER OF THE WEEK. Walton (records).
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 COMMONWEALTH OF SONG.
7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE. From Bloomsbury Central Baptist Church, London. Conducted by the Rev. F. Townley Lord, D.D.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 Peter Jones in 'BY AND LARGE.' Some radio annotations on the passing parade.
9.00 MELODY HOUR.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 FOR CHILDREN. 'The Stolen Submarine.'
11.00 Great Tom. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Irmgard Seefried (soprano), Erik Werba (piano). From Liederkreis, Op. 39—Schumann.
11.45 app. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

MONDAY, SEPT. 3

6.30 p.m. COMPOSER OF THE WEEK. Walton (records).
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 GRAND HOTEL.
7.30 IN TOWN TONIGHT.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS REVIEW.
8.30 'THE PHANTOM BOOKSELLER.' This is the story of John Meaker, a book-lover who once wanted to do a favour for a friend.
9.00 A TRIBUTE TO MALTA, G.C. The Band of the Royal Military School of Music.
9.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE. Presents people and events in the Midlands.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 NEW RECORDS. (Concert music).
11.00 Great Tom. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Charlie Chester in 'A PROPER CHARLIE.'
11.45 From the Third Programme SOUTH AMERICA. 'A Car Ride to Ecuador.' The first of five talks by V S Pritchett.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 4

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Basil Cameron. Michael Krein (saxophone).
Overture, The Marriage of Figaro (Mozart); Concerto for saxophone and strings (Phyllis Tate); Tone Poem; Tintagel (Bax).
7.30 COMMONWEALTH CLUB. Presented by Edward Ward.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Five Minutes for FARMERS.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 Motor-Cycling. THE JUNIOR MANX GRAND PRIX.
9.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke.
9.45 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 'KING SOLOMON'S MINES'. By H. Rider Haggard. Episode 8: 'Found.'
10.45 SEGOVIA (guitar).
11.00 Great Tom. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.45 BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Campoli (violin). Symphonie Espagnole — Lalo; Symphony No. 2 in B minor—Borodin.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5

6.30 p.m. SCIENCE REVIEW.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 PIANO PLAYTIME. Felix King.
7.00 PORTRAIT OF A PRIME MINISTER. Asquith.
A programme about the life and work of the English statesman who was Prime Minister of Great Britain from 1908 until 1916.
7.30 THE GOON SHOW.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND. Hertfordshire.
8.30 MUSIC FOR DANCING.
9.15 'THE LAUGHTER-MAKERS.'
9.45 PRAISING MY SAVIOUR. Familiar hymns and friendly talk presented by Robert Crossett.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 PAVILION ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Reginald Kilbey.
11.00 Great Tom. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Radio Theatre presents David Knight, Esme Percy with Ewan Roberts in 'THE SINGING SANDS.' Adapted for radio by Bertram Parnaby from the novel by Josephine Tey.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 6

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 ENCORE! A programme recalling some of the highlights of the musical stage.
7.30 THE ARCHERS A story of country folk.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the NORTH OF ENGLAND.
8.30 'WHAT'S THE FORM?'
8.45 THE BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
9.00 MOTOR - CYCLING. THE SENIOR MANX GRAND PRIX.
9.30 WELSH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent, William McAlpine (tenor), Denis Matthews (piano).
Beethoven: Song with orchestra. Adelaide; Piano Concerto No. 4 in G.
11.00 Great Tom, RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 MARCEL GARDNER. And his Orchestra.
11.45 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 7

6.30 p.m. 'OUR WAY OF LIFE.' A series of impressions. C. J. Hamson, Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 THE BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
7.00 'BACK TO METHUSELAH.' By George Bernard Shaw. Part 1 Act 1: 'The Garden of Eden Scene.'
7.30 TIP-TOP TUNES.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the MIDLANDS.
8.30 GOD AND HIS WORLD. A Christian approach to daily life by the Rev. Canon R. J. Fielder.
8.45 SANDY MACPHERSON. At the theatre organ.
9.00 OUR KIND OF MUSIC. Eric Jupp and his Orchestra.
9.30 HIT PARADE. Presented by Roy Bradford.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 BBC CONCERT ORCHESTRA. Presented by Marjorie Westbury with Marion Studholme (soprano), Denis Dowling (baritone), Alan Loveday (violin). Conductor, Vilem Tausky.
11.00 Great Tom. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 A TRIBUTE TO MALTA, G.C.
11.45 CALLING THE STARS.

FERD'NAND By Mik





PHILIPS
Recordings
on 33-1/3 RPM

MOZART:
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Major K.V. 211
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in A Major K.V. 219
Arthur Grumiaux and the Wiener Symphoniker conducted by Bernard Paumgartner.

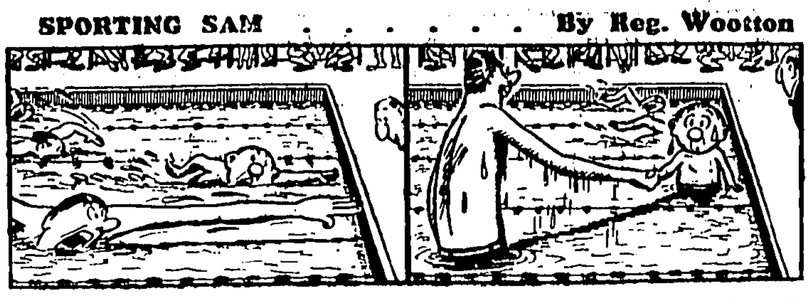
BRAHMS:
Sonata No. 2 in A Major for Violin and Piano Op. 100 "Thun"
F.A.E. Sonata for Violin and Piano ("Frei Aber Einsam" —Brahms.)
Isaac Stern (violin), Alexander Zakin (piano)

RAVEL:
A la Maniere d'Emanuel Chabrier, A la Maniere de Borodine-Valse, Pavane pour une Infante Defunte, Sonatine, Miroirs
Robert & Gaby Casadesus (piano)
The Complete Piano Music: Le Tombeau de Couperin, Prelude in A Minor, Valses nobles et sentimentales, Menuet sur le nom d'Haydn (Vol. 3)
Jeux d'eau, Ma Mere l'Oye, Habanera (piano four hands) Menuet Antique, Gaspard de la Nuit (Vol. 2)

DEBUSSY:
12 Etudes for the Piano to the Memory of Chopin
Hans Henkemans (piano)

MOUTRIES
15 Chater Road, Hong Kong. Tel: 28537. Kowloon. Tel: 63013. Miramar Arcade.

SPORTING SAM . . . . . By Reg. Wootton



LAWN BOWLS

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES HOLD THE SPOTLIGHT THIS WEEK-END

By "TOUCHER"

Weather permitting, Colony Open Championship games will again hold the spotlight in the week-end's lawn bowls programme.

This afternoon the Colony Open Triples semi-finals which were scheduled to be played last week, but were cancelled on account of rain, will be played off at the KCC green, commencing at 4 p.m.

The greater interest will be centred on the game between the KBGC three of J. Tindall, E. J. Liddell and A. Eastman and Recreio's J. C. Fonseca, A. P. Pereira and C. C. Pereira.

Many are of the opinion that the winners of this evenly contested match will start as heavy favourites for the title in the final. On a heavy green the KBGC three will hold a slight advantage, but on a fast green the odds will be in favour of the Recreio three.

The other semi-final betwen Filipino Club's J. W. Lee, J. W. Leonard and R. Basa and Recreio's C. P. Basto, G. A. Noronha, and C. E. Roza-Pereira will probably not reach as high a standard, but will nevertheless be as evenly contested.

On a fast green, the drawing ability of the Filipino Club three may pull them through the match, but on a heavy or medium-heavy green the Recreio three's greater ability to play the heavy shots will place them in a commanding position.

RINKS FINAL

Tomorrow will see the first final of the Colony Open events when the Rinks Championship will be decided at the KBGC green. Once again for the fourth year running the final will be a "David versus Goliath" affair with an unranked underdog four pitted against the might of four reputed First Division bowlers.

For the last three successive years the Davids have triumphed. First they were the Kowloon Dock four of S. Telford, A. M. Banks, R. S. Gourlay and A. G. Coles in 1953. Their feat was emulated by P. R. Ragl, F. O. Madar, F. R. Kermani and M. J. Divecha in 1954 and last year I. M. Silva, G. Santos, R. Tay and P. K. Lau came out from nowhere to garner the title.

This year while Recreio's reputed fours were being eliminated rink by rink, their combination of novices G. Rozario, and C. Gonsalves, veteran R. Silva-Netto and A. V. Lopes, who makes his first appearance as skip in competitive games, has been improving from one game to another to reach the final stage.

On a fast or medium-fast green they are fully capable of making it the fourth year in succession for the underdogs even against the formidable IRC four of A. R. A. Rahman, A. H. Seemin, M. B. Hassan and O. R. Sadick, but on a heavy green the advantage will swing heavily into the favour of the IRC four.

LADIES' LEAGUE

In the league matches scheduled for this afternoon, the ladies' matches will hold special interest. With only seven matches to go for each club, the race for top honours is still an open affair with no fewer than five clubs well in the running.

USRC, with 18 points out of 11 matches, are at present at the head of the table, and are closely followed by Kowloon Dock Club, Taikoo, Craigengower "Green" and Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

Favourites, however, for the title seem to be Kowloon Dock Club, who with Mrs. Jean Banks as their skip and such able bowlers as Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Marshallsay and the ambidextrous Mrs. Campbell serving in the vanguard are tipped to finish up at the head of the table by the time the League concludes.

Best game in this League this afternoon will be that between Craigengower "Green" and USRC at Happy Valley. The two teams are evenly-matched with Craigengower enjoying a slight advantage in playing at home. At the same time Kowloon Dock will be guests of KCC "Red" at Cox's Road. A defeat for USRC and Kowloon Dock will make the League still more interesting with all the four teams almost on level terms.

In the Men's Second Division League, the race for the runners-up position continues among HKFC, USRC, Recreio, KCC and CCC. Hongkong Football Club, who are one match ahead of the other four teams, are expected to maintain their second place with at least a 4-1 win over HKCC this afternoon.

USRC, who will be guests of bottom-placed Prison Officers' Club, will also probably experience little difficulty in holding on to their third place with an addition of four or five points.

Match of the afternoon, however, will be that between the potential champions, Kowloon Dock "Blues", and Recreio at Hunghom. Whether the dockmen will be capable of going through the season with an unbeaten record will depend on this match. Recreio are the only team left, who are anywhere near being capable of handling the dockmen their first defeat of the season.

Kowloon Cricket Club will probably have matters much their own way against Filipino Club and Craigengower will start as favourites for a 4-1 win against KDC "White" on their own green.

TODAY'S GAMES

Colony Open Triples
semi-finals

(At KCC, commencing at 4 p.m.)

J. Tindall, E. J. Liddell, A. Eastman (KBGC) v. J. C. Fonseca, A. P. Pereira and C. C. Pereira (Recreio).

J. W. Lee, J. W. Leonard, R. Basa (FC) v. C. P. Basto, G. A. Noronha and C. E. Roza-Pereira (Recreio).

Second Division League

HKFC v. HKCC
KCC v. FC
CCC v. KDC "White"
KDC "Blue" v. Recreio
POC v. USRC
PRC (bye)

Ladies' League

CCC "Green" v. USRC
KCC "White" v. FC
CCC "Yellow" v. KBGC
KCC "Red" v. KDC
TC v. PRC

TOMORROW

Colony Open Rinks Final
(AT KBGC, commencing at 4 p.m.

G. Rozario, C. Gonsalves, R. Silva-Netto, A. V. Lopes (Recreio) v. A. R. A. Rahman, A. H. Seemin, M. B. Hassan, O. R. Sadick (IRC).

LEAGUE STANDINGS

Men's Second Division

	P	W	L	Pts.
KDC "B"	10	10	0	71½
HKFC	10	9	7	50
USRC	15	10	0	40
Recreio	15	10	5	40
KCC	10	8	7	42
CCC	15	8	7	40½
FRC	10	6	10	35½
KDC "White"	10	7	9	33
HKCC	10	6	10	27½
FC	15	3	12	10
POC	15	2	13	15

Ladies' League

USRC	11	9	2	18
KDC	11	8	3	16
Taikoo	11	8	3	10
CCC "Green"	11	7	4	14
KBGC	11	7	4	14
KCC "Red"	11	6	5	12
CCC "Yellow"	11	4	7	8
FC	11	2	9	4
PRC	11	2	9	4
KCC "White"	11	2	9	4

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

FRANK OSBORNE

By Archie Quick

Fallible, fond - looking Frank Osborne has had one of the most remarkable careers in professional football. Born in South Africa the elder of two brothers and sons of a Regular soldier, Frank and Reg both donned khaki by joining the Royal Army Medical Corps when the present Lieut-Colonel Bert Buck was the sporting pride of the Army. The three have remained firm friends ever since.

After they had both won Army representative honours as time serving sergeants they bought themselves out and Frank was signed by Tottenham Hotspur and Reg went to Leicester City. In 1923 Frank played against Ireland and Wales against France and Belgium, and in 1928 Reg was "capped" against Wales. Frank moved to Fulham, and married the daughter of the club Chairman, long-mustachioed William Dean, owner of Craven Cottage ground.

Reg married into the famous Kelso footballing family, but whereas he became a publican he still owns licensed premises opposite Chelsea Football Ground at Stamford Bridge. Frank stayed on at Fulham as club captain, and when his active career came to an end he joined the Board of Directors. He is still a Director, and also Honorary General Manager.

BEST GOLFER

Frank, quite the best golfer among footballers—he has played in the Amateur Championship and is still on scratch—built up the team which won the club its first entry into Division One, and he it was who was responsible for getting together the finest young inside club trio in the country—Johnny Haynes, Bedford Jezzard and Bobby Robson with a combined estimated value of £80,000, which the club has, in fact, refused.

Mr. Osborne denies the rumour that Haynes has been appointed club captain at the request of the Football Association so that he may be groomed as England's captain when the time comes for Billy Wright to retire. "It was quite a ridiculous rumours," he says "for obviously the ruling body would not attempt to dictate a club's policy quite apart from the fact that Haynes may not keep his place in the England team any more than Roger Byrne and Duncan Edwards, the two other obvious candidates for the skipper's job. We made Haynes captain because we feel that the added responsibility will help to mature his play—if that is needed—the same as Cardiff City's giving of the captaincy to Trevor Ford has been a great benefit to both player and club. Mr. Osborne also denies that with him as general manager and Duggie Livingstone as team manager there are apt to be divided opinions. "Quite the reverse," he said, "We think two heads are better than one, and the idea is working very well."

BLOW THE FANFARE—SOFTLY

KING SOCCER IS BACK, BUT HE'S GOT A FEW HEADACHES

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Well, burst my bagpipes, the start of the football season is with us again. It seems only like yesterday since the drab and disappointing 1955-56 edition of our soccer history was parcelled and pushed into the dusty files, yet here we are on the eve of what we can only hope is a bigger and brighter .... and better .... chapter than its immediate predecessor.

It has often been said that only the flimsiest of margins separates comedy from tragedy. There is certainly a bit of both being enacted in front of our soccer eyes and it will be intriguing to see whether what is eventually produced merits the 'comedy' or 'tragedy' tag.

This situation is due mainly to the fact that while the Colony League programme is scheduled to commence on September 22, the Summer League, in which the Chinese clubs are heavily involved still has a long list of outstanding fixtures to complete.

On the surface there seems to be little unusual about such a state of affairs but if you trouble to examine the circumstances a little closer you will soon realise that the player position is, for want of a better word, intriguing.

During the long lull in the Summer League while teams were away on what has been aptly called 'self-protection' tours many players have changed their club loyalties and moved over to new quarters for the incoming season. They are, of course, already committed to their old clubs in the summer competition and I know that many people are watching developments with more than a touch of curiosity.

Ahead of us lie the new and far-reaching soccer hazards occasioned by the introduction of promotion and relegation. This can only make for an upsurge of interest and with still vivid memories of some of the listless, couldn't-care-less, displays put on in recent years by clubs out of the championship race, let us hope it is an innovation which will shake the indifference out of those over-complacent members of the League who have allowed presence in the committee room to become more important than performance on the field.

WIN OR WILT

From now on it's a case of win or wilt for every side that finds itself languishing in the lower half of the table. Points and points alone become the precious passport to a continuance in the limelight of the senior division: lack of them becomes the latch-key to obscurity in the lower divisions.

Not everyone is looking forward to the new arrangement with enthusiasm. There are those who say it will reduce our football to a survival of the fittest: that brawn and not brain will dominate proceedings on the field: that the dainty and delightful ball play of the Chinese stars will disappear in a welter of do-or-die endeavour.

There is some justification for such an attitude. It is a distinct possibility, and the answer—theoretical and practical—is, of course, in the safe keeping of our referees.

Hongkong's whistlers like their counterparts the world over are inevitably the centre of frequent bitter controversy. Their ration of praise is usually meagre and that in itself is high commendation for it means their general efficiency is taken for granted: their quota of criticism is really no greater than that accorded to anyone in the public gaze who has to stand or fall by spot judgment, and provided the criticism is kept within the ethical limits of considered personal opinion then the men with the whistle have nothing to fear.

As I see the situation responsibility for the immediate future of Hongkong football lies squarely and heavily on the shoulders of our referees. That weight of responsibility will increase rather than diminish as the league moves towards its closing climax.

It is imperative, therefore, that every official should go into the new season with the personal determination to produce fearless and forthright control irrespective of player or public opinion.

The slightest suggestion of a timid approach could have far reaching and unsavoury consequences and we need only cast our minds back a few short months to the unwelcome publicity we received as a result of the 'chips-down' soccer played by our unworthy am-BASHadors in Singapore to get our warning.

IDEALS ARE SOUND

Promotion and relegation can bring a new progressive spirit to Hongkong football. The ideals of the scheme are sound. They mean simply that efficiency and success replace sentiment as the guide to soccer eminence and conversely that football failure counts for more than fame or finance in deciding which teams shall play in a lower grade. No fair-minded person would surely want things otherwise. Nowadays it is a case of play successful football or fade . . and to my mind that is exactly as it should be . . . provided, of course, 'successful' does not become 'successful-at-any costs'.

Nearer the start of the League season I shall be reviewing the prospects of the various team, but for the moment it is interesting to see how the new committees of the Hongkong Football Association have been working.

The reported decision of Mr D. Benson not to accept the Presidency of the Association has caused eyebrows to be raised in many different parts of the Colony. Mr Benson's decision was based purely and simply on the principle of whether or not the press should be admitted to meetings of the FA.

Personally I have always thought it wrong that members of the press should be able to attend sub-committee meetings although I believe that they should be allowed to attend Council meetings. My own view is that what takes place at sub-committee meetings is confidential and should not become 'public property' until such times as the members of the Council have had an opportunity to consider the implications of the minutes.

It is surely undesirable that public opinion on matters of policy and controversy should be 'conditioned" by press reports before the Council has had a chance to consider the subject under discussion.

Business transacted at the various sub-committee meetings can be ranked as nothing more than recommendations or proposals until the various items have been ratified by the Council, and to my mind that is the time when the news should be available to the members of the public.

It would be wrong of course, to underestimate the significant contribution which the press makes to our football affairs.... but don't let that contribution creep out of its real perspective, for football in its turn also makes a hefty contribution to press affairs and it would be interesting in the light of current conditions to estimate the sales value of newspapers if, as a matter of editorial policy, football news was completely eliminated.

It's a thought worth thinking about. The implication that any ban on the attendance of reporters at Sub - Committee meetings would result in some sort of boycott conjures up interesting mental pictures and encourages speculation.

The situation however, is, by no means unique. It has all happened in many other places before. The present virile health of world football is the silent and significant answer. The football fan and his football are inseparables. Exactly the same intimate relationship exists between the fan and his soccer news....and if he cannot get that news from his favourite and familiar source he'll soon find a new one.

• • •

This afternoon we have the pleasure of welcoming Israel's international team to our midst. What a pity that time and circumstances bring Jackie Gibbons to the Colony in the comparatively inactive role of coach. This brilliant player whose mercurial dashes once delighted the fans at Griffin Park and White Hart Lane.... and at Bradford....would have been a great favourite with the Chinese fans, but no doubt we shall see something of his pulsating personality in the visitors' play.

Judging the Israel side on recent international performances they must be a first class team, but with men like Ho Cheung-yau in opposition to them they will have no time to play on their reputation. This Hongkong side should be good enough to extend any team in the current Asian tournament ....and it may be good enough to give some of them the surprise of their lives. The kick-off is at 5.45 p.m.

• • •

The MacTavish Topper has been brought out of the mothballs once again and polished with due ceremony. It is doffed for the first time this season to Mr Ramsey Omar, Secretary of the HKFA, for his sagacious observations regarding the holding of the Asian Confederation matches in the Colony ..... His comments, duly recorded in the appropriate minutes, may yet make a suitable epitaph to a venture that could all too easily be a great financial blunder.

SWIM POOL AND CINEMA COMBINED

New York.

Combined swimming pools and cinema shows are being opened in some east coast cities.

Called "Dive-In" theatres, they are arranged so that audiences view the film while swimming or just drifting lazily on an inner tube or rubber pontoon.

Owner of the newest style theatre at East Point, New York, Mr Harry Grayson said: "Many people get a crazy desire to take a swim with their favourite film star. I'm letting them do the next best thing—watch them on the screen while swimming."

His theatre pool has been crowded every night since he opened three months ago.

The films are shown on a large rubberised outdoor screen by a projector placed at the end of the pool.—London Express Service.



I KNEW RAICH CARTER WOULD BE A WINNER

Says STANLEY MATTHEWS

Way back in 1937 I was picked to play for England against Scotland and my partner at Hampden Park was Raich Carter. It was the first of our many right-wing partnerships and even in those early days I could see that Raich was destined to be one of soccer's great men.

He was a wonder-player for 20 years. Now he promises to be one of our greatest-ever managers.

His brilliance as a player is now lost to the crowds, but you can still feel his influence working behind the scenes.

Remember how he moved John Charles around from position to position last season—and every time a winner?

But with Leeds back in the First Division, this is Carter's real testing time—and well he knows it.

"A newly promoted team must get off to a winning start," he says. "It gives confidence to the players, and stops outcry for new men."

A WINNING FINISH

My theory, too. The first month is vital for any team. A good start generally means a winning finish.

But Raich knows that if things don't click he will have to go out and buy players.

He has had one spot of bad luck. Albert Nightingale has torn leg ligaments and is likely to be in plaster for five or six weeks.

That can mean serious trouble and leaves an inside-left spot to be filled.

Wing-half Ripley gets the job for the present. It may turn out another stroke of Carter genius and Ripley may fill the bill, but, if not, you can expect a Carter visit to the transfer market.

What has Raich up his sleeve for the First Division this season? We have already seen another John Charles switch—this time to inside-right.

Would any manager with a man like Charles at his disposal for centre-half, and automatic choice for Wales, move him into the attack? Very few, I can tell you. But you never know with Raich Carter.

He is quite satisfied with the play of centre-half substitute Jack Charlton. At 20, Charlton could become a real star.

Raich also believes he has in 21-year-old right-half Archie Gibson a future Scottish international.

—(London Express Service).

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NO MORE MUD FOR SOUTHEND

By ROY PESKETT

It is now safe to say "Mud in your eye" to anybody connected with Southend United. There will be no repeat of last season's nightmares, when the club's name was mud to the locals and to visiting teams.

The new pitch at Roots Hall, re-laid and re-drained after only a year's working, has been given a £1,000 face lift and has successfully passed all tests.

The first came recently when a cloudburst failed to flood the pitch. Directors, ground and office staff hurried to the ground, and great was the excitement and relief as they saw the water flooding away through the escape pipes, leaving the newly-sown grass glistening, but not submerged.

At last Saturday's public trial the pitch looked a picture, and after the players had practised on it in heavy rain for 90 minutes, they were told they could use the ground daily from now on.

REMEMBER?

Remember the heartaches, as the pitch, successively a sand pit, rubbish dump, and car park, vanished into a sea of mud shortly before the visit of Manchester City (Cup-winners-to-be) to Roots Hall last January?

The drains could not take the volume of water when the rains came to the ground which had cost more than £60,000. For two weeks a "squodgee party" of 15, led by gum-booted chairman Bert Smith, did mopping-up operations in order to make it playable.

Only after the entire playing surface had been dug up, and lorry loads of cockle shells, cinders, and sand heaped on it, could the match take place . . . in a sea of liquid mud.

'GOOD NEWS'

Manager Eddie Perry told me: "As in the past, we shall continue to use the very good facilities at Priory Park but it's good news for the players that the pitch does not have to be as closely nursed as last season."

Added director and former chairman Alf Hay: "We are all very happy that there will be little of the trouble Harry Warren had last season for our new manager, Eddie Perry."

HE KNOWS LONDON

Nobody knows the London Soccer scene better than Ned Liddell although he was born in Sunderland. Once a full-back with Clapton Orient and Arsenal he later managed QPR and Fulham, has been chief scout for West Ham, Chelsea and Brentford and is now a scout for Spurs. That means Charlton, Palace and Millwall are the only London League clubs he has not served.

In All Four Divisions

Only current League player who has sampled all four Divisions since the War is Norman Jackson, of Oldham. He was previously with Sheffield Wednesday in the First and Bristol City in the Second and Southern Third.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Football

Asian Cup: Israel versus All Hongkong at HK Stadium, 5.45 p.m.

Lawn Bowls

Second Division: HKFC v HKCC, KCC v FC, CCC v KDC "W", KDC "B" v Recreio, POC v USRC.

POP

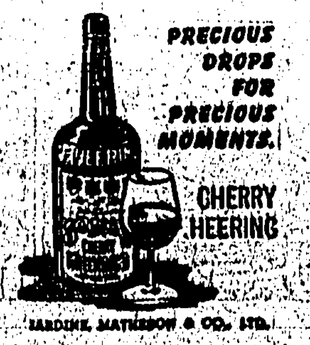




Getting the birdie







GIANTS OF SPORTS

WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE—FATHER OF CRICKET THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

By DENNIS HART

Who was the greatest cricketer of all time? That's a question to set the fans arguing, setting the merits of Hutton's off-drive against Hammond's cover drive; the unorthodox genius of Bradman against that of Compton; not forgetting the grace of Ranji and the all-round technique of Hobbs.

But say to any group of cricket lovers: "the greatest of them all was W. G. Grace," and few will disagree.

For W. G. with his bushy beard and towering frame achieved a mystical greatness which puts man above technical ability. He has become a legend.

He is the father of cricket, not only in England but throughout the world. Every cricketer or spectator from Manchester to Melbourne, Bombay to Barbados owes a debt to the doctor from Gloucestershire.

For William Gilbert Grace put cricket on the map. When, a 12-year-old, he entered the first-class game in 1860, an attendance of 5,000 was rare. Soon 25,000 spectators would flock excitedly to a match in which W G was appearing.

And cricket put W G. Grace on the map. He became the best known man in Britain. At an event like the Derby crowds would excitedly point him out, then turn their attention to prime ministers and princes.

MODERN CRICKET

Ranjitsinhji declared that Grace "invented" modern cricket. From contemporary batsmanship, developed from crude cross-batted attack, he fashioned the elaborate technique with all the variety of strokes we know today.

On the rough wickets he killed the brute force fast bowler and compelled men to master the arts of spin and flight.

His effect cannot be measured in figures and averages, yet his record was remarkable.

He scored 54,896 runs, a career record that stood for 25 years. At 18 he scored his first double century for England. In 1906 he made his last appearance for the Gentlemen on his 58th birthday. He hit 74. He played first class cricket for 44 years — another record.

And Grace was worth an England place on the strength of his bowling alone. He took 2,875 wickets, a figure passed only by six men in cricket history. In his 55th year Grace captured five Australian wickets for 29 runs.

Unlike batting, bowling did not come naturally to him. A.G. Steele, a contemporary of Grace, describes W.G. coming up to bowl at him thus: "An enormous man rushing up to the wicket with both elbows out, a great black beard blowing on both sides of him and a huge yellow cap on top of a dark swarthy face."

The fact was that Grace just couldn't bear to be out of the game for a second. As he couldn't bat all the time he reckoned the next best thing was trying to get the other side out.

A QUICK ONE

It was often said that he didn't mind what methods were used. The story is told of the time he advised a new batsman to look at the lovely bird flying overhead and pointed straight into the sun. The batsman looked up and, temporarily blinded, was bowled out when Grace sent down a quick one.

A good story, but there is no evidence of its truth.

There is evidence, however, of schemes the opposition used to get Grace's wicket. One contemporary admits, "Before playing against Grace we always got together for a council of war to think how we could get the Old 'Un out. Straightaway we ruled out the possibility of bowling him and generally got around to think of subtle ways of cheating him out."

As one bowler put it, "I puts the ball where I likes, but he puts it where he likes."

The complete cricketer, the master cricketer. That was Grace. Says Sir Pelham Warner, "W G. was a marvel of power and precision. He was quite wonderful against fast bowling. Even in his fifties the way he played Richardson, Mold and Jones was an object lesson."

Echoes C. B. Fry: "No batsman has ever given me the same sense of masterful power."

Yet he remained a kindly man and many a boy was inspired by the great man's "Well played young 'un."

For Grace was a man of dignity. He was always easily approachable yet such was his strength of character that to take a liberty with him was unthinkable.

A NEW SPORT

Besides fashioning a new sport Grace still found time to practise medicine. He took over a practice in Bristol which he considerably expanded. And every Christmas he and his wife gave a Christmas party for the poor patients and neighbours of this humble district. Everyone had to bring two pudding basins. Into one was put roast beef and greens and into the other Christmas pudding.

Grace was born in the village of Downend, Gloucestershire. He learned his cricket playing in the garden of his father's house with the rest of the family, not forgetting Dom, Ponto and Noble, the three hounds and the three swiftest and surest fielders any cricket ground has ever seen.

Chief credit for laying the foundation to Grace's batting goes to uncle Pocock. It was this gentleman who taught W. G. to hold his bat vertically instead of swinging it horizontally.

At 14 Grace played against the All-England eleven and scored 32, the following year he was picked for the England side.

So began the most remarkable cricket career ever. But at the end of it, after all the records, runs and centuries, Grace analysed batting thus: "You put the bat to the ball."

—(London Express Service)
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W. G. GRACE

THE WEATHER UPSET SOME TRAINING PLANS BUT IT PAYS TO START SEASON SLOWLY

Says DON REVIE

Splash! Right into the deep end went some of Soccer's glamour teams. No doubt about it, this must have been the wettest, most wearying start to a season on record.

And didn't it play havoc with all the carefully planned training schedules. In August players expect sunshine and bone hard pitches, which is why there is a big demand for spikes and sprint training.

But as Ken Barnes, our comedian, remarked to me: "I don't know about spikes this year, Don. I reckon we should have started with water wings."

I don't want to appear complacent about this. My club, Manchester City, came a cropper; so did Everton and Sunderland—but after you have been in the game for a time you realise that it never pays to place too much reliance on early season form.

Sometimes it is better to come back just a shade under peak fitness. Far better to make your run for the championship around Christmas time than set a cracking pace and then fade when the pressure is on next March and April.

We were well and truly walloped by Wolves, 5-1, but you can take it from me there is no alarm in our camp. After all, at Christmas last year we were sixth from the bottom; then we went on to win the Cup and also took talent money for finishing in the Top Four.

I had to smile at Wolverhampton. They have this motto pinned up in their own and the visitors' dressing room: "There is no substitute for hard work."

MIGHTY HARD WORK

All I can say is that Wolves made us work—and believe me it's mighty hard work trying to keep up with their speedy players like Murray, Colin Booth, Harry Hooper and Co.

Billy Wright, the Wolves and England skipper, who is a great man for physical fitness, told me that he has prepared for this season by going for six mile cross-country runs! No wonder Billy is still one of the fittest men in the game.

But despite their splendid start, I fancy Wolves will do what they did last year. Then they made a tremendous burst to open the season; but slipped a little as time went on.

If they could keep up the pep and pace which hustled Manchester City to defeat, I wouldn't hesitate to nominate Wolves for the League title. And they would deserve it. Nevertheless, I have a hunch that Wolves will be one of the top teams without pulling off the big prize of League Champions.

Watch the form after the first six weeks have passed and then you'll get a better guide as to which teams are likely to be in the running for the honours.

However, I'll stick my neck out at this stage and give you some of the teams which I fancy.

Division I: Manchester United first favourites for the Championship, with Wolves, the smooth short passing Luton Town XI; Portsmouth and Manchester City to be among their chief challengers.

Division II: Sheffield United Nottingham Forest and Leicester City to be the sides pushing for the promotion stakes. Joe Mercer, a glutton for hard work, has been out most of the Summer organising planning and training with his boys. Nott'ngham Forest, under the shrewd guidance of Billy Walker has always been noted for trying to play class football. Sooner or later it must take them into Division I. As for my old club, Leicester City, they were in with a great chance last season. This time with the right sort of breaks they could easily climb back into Soccer top grade.

Division III (North): Sam Bartram, the new boss at York City, has made some shrewd buys including the clever ex-Sheffield United inside forward, Peter Wragg. I think York, along with Stockport County, now piloted by Willie Moir, the former Bolton Wanderers star, will be challenging Derby County for promotion. In Eddie Moran Stockport has one of the cleverest inside forwards in football. If he strikes his true form, he and Willie Moir could rocket Stockport right to the top although Derby is my main choice.

WATCH THESE YOUNGSTERS

Not for many seasons has English Soccer had so many bright young players on the horizon. Put these chaps down on your list of players to watch:

1. Bobby Charlton from the famous Milburn footballing family. Bobby has captured the imagination of Manchester United supporters who watch the Central League and youth team. Charlton is one of the most complete footballers anyone could wish to see. With luck he should be hammering on the door of the Manchester United League team this season.

2. Patrick Nell, the former Portsmouth amateur international winger now with Wolves. On Soccer's grapevine I hear that Patrick has a wonderful future, and he will be a strong challenger for the outside left berth at present held down by that great Soccer character, Jimmy Mullen.

3. Ralph Gubbins, Bolton Wanderers outside left. Nat Lofthouse first told me of Gubbins' promise—and he is certainly a winger of fine ability.

4. Alick Jeffrey, Doncaster Rovers' 17-year-old wonder boy inside forward. Alick has Peter Doherty to guide him. Need I say more?

5. Derek Hogg, the Leicester City left winger is one of the cleverest ball players in football. He has the almost nonchalant body swerve of the really good craftsman. I fancy him to challenge for an England B and full international cap.

6. Last name on my list is Jackie Overfield, the 23-year-old Leeds United outside left. Overfield is a plumber like Tom Finney; he was coached on an FA course by Finney and has the confidence to take the ball right up to the back like his famous teacher. He can also shoot hard and accurately. No wonder Raich Carter tips Overfield as an England possible.

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DESMOND HACKETT'S COLUMN

SO EZZARD IS NEXT FOR RICHARDSON

Thirty-five-year-old Ezzard Charles, heavyweight champion of the world in 1950, fights 22-year-old untitled Welsh heavyweight Dick Richardson over 10 rounds in London's Harringay Arena on October 2.

Jack Solomons the other day loosed this news in a cloud of cigar smoke. He impressed that this was all part of a plan intended to have this supremely happy ending — Dick Richardson, heavyweight champion of the world.

If Richardson can beat the ageing ex-[illegible] Ezzard, his fight [illegible] Richardson v. N. Wales, Richardson v. Bob Baker, eventually [illegible] World No. 1.

If Richardson can [illegible] on his feet after the [illegible] Ezzard, he will be [illegible] Jimmy Jacobs, [illegible] No. 3 [illegible] and [illegible] Richardson v. Cleroux, Welsh Champion.

Richardson has been [illegible] well-kept secret by [illegible]. He has been [illegible] with his grueling [illegible] tackle [illegible] ever offered by Britain's heavyweight in the [illegible] times.

Richardson will have to be [illegible] peak if he is to beat Charles, even though the [illegible]

BEAT JOE

[illegible] beat Jersey Joe Walcott [illegible] the Victory Ballroom [illegible] Dec. 1, [illegible] Jersey Joe Louis [illegible] Richardson.

When Charles [illegible] Ezzard [illegible] contenders in 1950, Ezzard outpointed [illegible] Ezzard beat [illegible] champion [illegible] Walcott [illegible] Ezzard [illegible] Walcott [illegible] Ezzard [illegible] Louis out in seven rounds.

Ezzard [illegible] Charles [illegible] Charles [illegible] outpointed by Walcott in 1952, outpointed by Rocky Marciano in a [illegible] Ezzard in June 1954, one [illegible] Marciano in [illegible] September, 1954. By the time Richardson, the [illegible] fighter, had been [illegible] smoking boxing [illegible] in January last year, Charles was taking on such [illegible] Bob Baker, Bob Albright, [illegible] Hall and Albright at [illegible] Ezzard Charles in America without [illegible] that here was a [illegible] material.

Richardson has known no [illegible] encounters. His [illegible] Wally Lesley, asked [illegible] his fighters should be left [illegible] any circumstances for the vacant British heavyweight title which will be fought for by Joe Erskine, the man who beat Richardson, and the veteran ex-champion Johnny Williams at Cardiff on Monday.

But I still stand by my [illegible] months - old forecast that Richardson is still Britain's brightest heavyweight hope.

—(London Express Service).
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STAN CULLIS ROW ENDS IN APOLOGY

Wolves manager Stan Cullis and Luton director Tom Hodgson were involved in a row after the game at Luton last Wednesday night. Cullis protested angrily that the winning goal scored by Cullis was offside.

Fists were raised and Mr Hodgson was grabbed by the tie before the pair were separated by "Ten-Goal" Joe Payne, former Luton centre forward.

Said Mr Hodgson, white-faced and straightening his ruffled tie: "We had an exchange of words and I told him not to act like a baby."

During the match Cullis leapt from his seat and told a Luton fan who had criticised a Wolves player: "Keep your remarks to yourself."

Wolves' directors, on arrival at the Luton boardroom for the usual after-match entertainment, were told: "Your manager has been having a bit of trouble."

The directors, Mr John Ireland and Mr Jim Marshall, found manager Cullis in the dressing room and all three returned to the Luton boardroom.

Twenty minutes later Mr Cullis came out shaking hands. "We were just a couple of old professionals having a 'go' at each other," joked Mr Hodgson.

"I suppose it was a bit rough at the time but now Stan and I have made it up we are the best of friends."

Both clubs tried to make light of the incident. Said Mr Percy Mitchell, chairman of Luton: "So far as this club is concerned nothing has happened. We have received an apology from Mr Cullis and the club have promised to write an apology."

There will be no official report to the Football Association or the Football League.—London Express Service.

Double Centurions

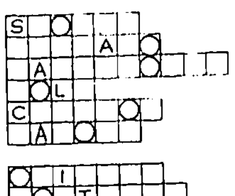
Only five players have started the new season with over 200 League goals to their credit. They are Charlie Wayman (Middlesbrough) 242, Arthur Rowley (Leicester City) 219, Tommy Briggs (Blackburn Rovers) 213, Stan Mortensen (Hull City) 205 and Jack Rowley (Plymouth Argyle) 201. Two likely to reach that aggregate this season are Jack Connor (Stockport County) and Jackie Sewell (Aston Villa).



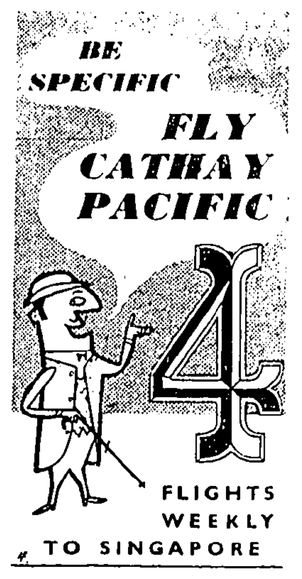
NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1 Oration
2 Emerald Isle
3 It has two houses.
4 Twelve inch?
5 Short ones?
6 Cricket over
7 English city
8 Election meetings
9 The reign of one was holy
10 United, for instance.
11 Rage

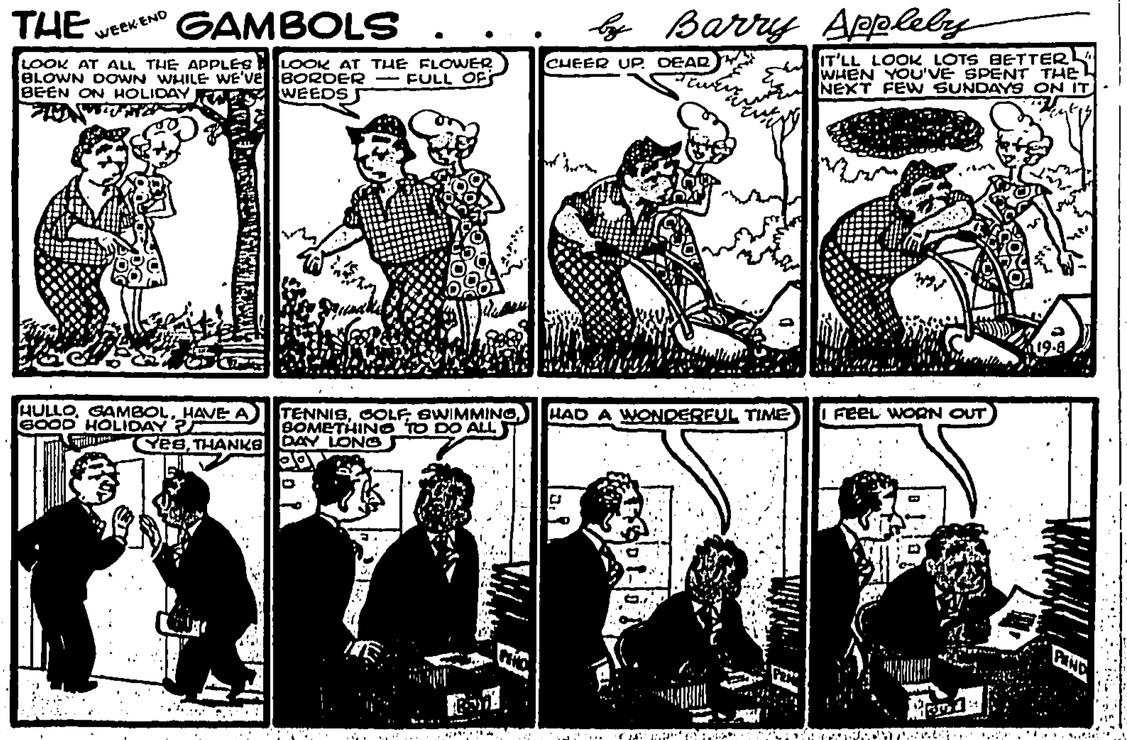


Solution on back Page





THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby

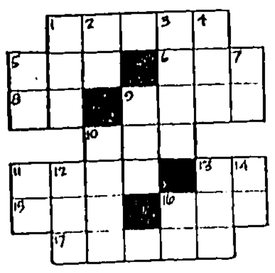




☆ ★ ☆ FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ☆ ★ ☆

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Portals
5 Unit of weight
6 You hear with this
8 That thing
9 Dislike
10 Wicked
11 Burden
13 Part of "to be"
15 What we breathe
16 Frozen water
17 Rent

DOWN

1 Period
2 Upon
3 Do this with a book
4 Perched
5 Musical note
7 Another musical note
9 Possessed
10 Without covering
11 Louisiana (ab.)
12 Castor——
13 Aviator
14 Myself
16 Exists

NUMBERS GAME

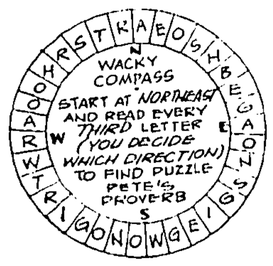
The Puzzleman has found four ways to arrange the numbers from one through nine in three rows so they will add up to 15 back and forth, down and up, and diagonally. Can you find the ways?

RIGHT LETTER

If you pick the right letter and add it to all the blank space, you'll find you have five good words

M A — — —
M E
M I
M O
M U

WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 20)

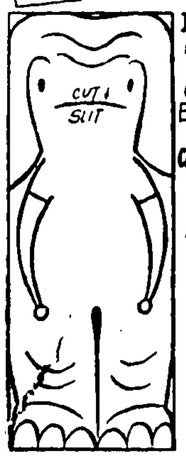
GAME WITH WORDS

THE opposite in meaning of each word below begins with an M. In Number one the opposite of HIT is MISS. Now go on from there

1. Hit.
2. Sad.
3. Giant
4. Noon.
5. Divide.
6. Few.
7. Sane.
8. Spendthrift
9. Cruel.
10. Major.
11. Haughty
12. Woman.
13. Least.
14. Evening
15. Ancient
16. Slave
17. Freeze
18. Yours
19. Rejoice
20. Variety

(Answers on Page 20)

HOW TO TUSKO BOOKMARK



1. DRAW A FRONT VIEW OF AN ELEPHANT ON CARDBOARD 7 INCHES LONG AND 3 INCHES WIDE LIKE THIS... CUT A 1 INCH SLIT JUST BELOW EYES.

2. CUT ELEPHANT'S TRUNK FROM BRIGHTLY COLORED CLOTH.... PUT IT THROUGH SLIT AND GLUE IT TO BACK OF HEAD.



AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS .... YOUR PLACE!

Flower Stamps From Luxembourg

COMPETING with San Marino and Liechtenstein as the most prolific stamp-producing countries is little Luxembourg, land of castles, steel and boar-hunting.

In its latest effort, Luxembourg has produced two beautiful stamps. These are flower stamps issued principally with the aim of helping the needy among the nation's children and, indirectly, as part of a calculated plan to earn foreign currency by sales abroad.



Certainly, these flower stamps are finding a ready sale in London.

Besides a healthy production in the field of philately, Luxembourg booms in production of steel. This more durable substance is the reason why the nation's 300,000 people are among the most prosperous in Europe.

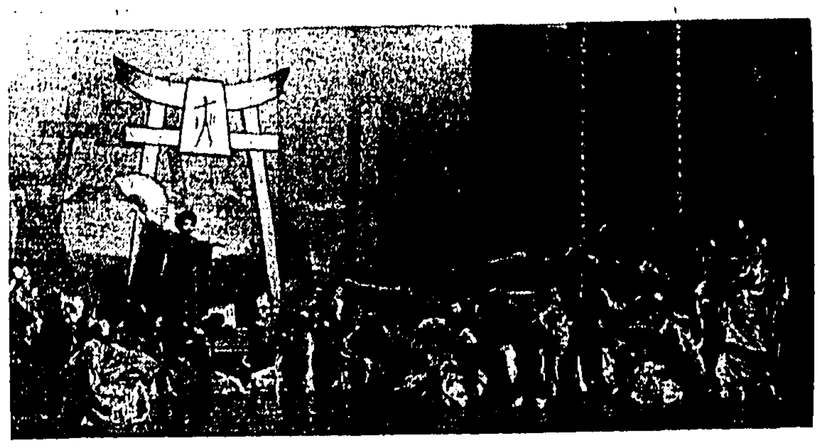
One main characteristic of this country is its internationality. It has at different times belonged to Bohemia, Burgundy, Spain, Austria and France.

It has been dynastically united with the Netherlands and forcibly annexed by Germany.

To round off this chain of internationalism, where do you think they get their stamps printed? Why, in Switzerland!

The flower issues are in photogravure and perforated 11½. They cost 1s. 3d. in London.—J.A.A.

A Glimpse Of Gilbert And Sullivan's "Mikado" Put On By A Student Troupe



Enter the villainess! Before dramatic scenery and lighting executed by themselves, the Oberlin College Gilbert & Sullivan Players stage a full-scale production of the operetta, "The Mikado."

FOR the fourth consecutive summer, a group of vacationing college students is producing a rare kind of summer theatre on Cape Cod, Mass. In Falmouth they are performing some of the famous operettas written by Gilbert and Sullivan, which they have staged every winter since 1949 as extracurricular activity at Oberlin College, in Ohio. A director of the original British G & S company has called these students "the finest Gilbert and Sullivan troupe in America."

Most remarkable is that the students themselves produce and direct each entire performance—from designing sets to learning music — with only occasional advice and criticism from a faculty advisor.



Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner of Titipu, tries to beat an upward retreat from Katisha, the ugly old woman he must marry.

Push-Tush (a Noble Lord), Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner) and Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else) search for a victim.



Offstage: Bev Bliss, her makeup on, prepares to don sash and wig to become Katisha. Behind her is girls' chorus makeup chart.



Adjusting player's sash is Dody Sterne, who has made or supervised almost all of the company's costumes — several hundred.

●

After the show: Enjoying pop in a most un-Titipuish fashion are Pitti-Sing and Pooh-Bah —otherwise known as Mel Jurisch and Bill Hein. Bill still wears his doleful Pooh-Bah expression, so typical of the humour of the Gilbert & Sullivan works. But under the wig is a crew cut, and under the sash, a pillow.



NEW CHAIRS FOR WILLY

—A Black Cloud Brought Dozens Of Them—

By MAX TRELL

THE rain storm had just finished and the sun was shining down again when Chirpie Sparrow came to the window sill and began chirping loudly for his bread crumbs.

By and by, Knarf and Hanid, the shadow children with the turned-about names, heard him and came to the window, bringing the crumbs with them.

Chirpie was very pleased not only to see Knarf and Hanid whom he was very fond of, but the bread crumbs, which he was, perhaps, even more fond of.

At any rate, having filled himself to the half way mark with the crumbs, Chirpie stopped long enough to look around at the rain puddles on the ground and remark: "Well, I guess Willy Toad has found his chair again."

Knarf and Hanid both looked at each other as though they weren't quite sure they had heard what Chirpie had just said.

"Did you say you guessed that Willy Toad had found his chair again?" said Hanid to Chirpie.

"Yes," answered Chirpie. "And I mean what I said. Willy's found his chair again."

"What chair?" asked Knarf.

"The one that dried up and blew away. The one that he always sits on in the middle of the Pine Tree Grove," explained Chirpie. But all this sounded very mysterious, so Knarf and Hanid insisted that Chirpie Sparrow stop eating bread crumbs long enough to tell them exactly what had happened.

Catching Flies

"Well," said Chirpie, "Willy's chair is a toadstool—or a mushroom, if you will. He was very comfortable on it and spent most of his time sitting on it catching flies. But this morning, after hopping down to pay a little visit to his cousin Hoppity, who was a frog, Willy discovered that his toadstool was gone!

"'Why, I think I saw it blow away,' Hoppity told Willy. But Willy couldn't believe any such nonsense. Toadstools didn't just blow away.

"'Are you going to get another one, Willy?' Cousin Hoppity asked.

"'Another one? Another one? Where am I going to get another one? People can go into a furniture store and buy another chair. But can a toad go into a furniture store and buy another toadstool? He cannot!' said Willy loudly, answering himself.

"Cousin Hoppity, who kept staring up at the sky, just said: 'Another one will come along, Willy. You'll see!'

"'Why do you always keep looking up like that?' Willy asked Cousin Hoppity.

"At that instant, Cousin Hoppity suddenly said: 'You're in luck, Cousin Willy. I see a lot of new toadstools coming this way.'



Willy let out a joyful shout and danced with excitement.

"With that he hopped off in a great hurry and disappeared behind the trees toward the pond.

"Willy looked up at the sky.

Little Black Cloud

"'I don't see any toadstools coming,' said Willy to himself. 'I just see a little black cloud.'

"All at once the black cloud became enormous and filled the sky.

"The lightning flashed.

"The thunder rolled.

"Willy crawled as fast as he could under a fallen log. But no toadstools came falling down, only rain.

"A few minutes later though Willy let out a great joyful shout. For all around him on the wet ground the toadstools were starting to pop up!

"'Chairs! Chairs! Look at my chairs!' cried Willy, dancing with excitement. 'The rain has made them grow!'"

"Oh, that's a wonderful story, Chirpie!" Knarf said.

"Thank you," said Chirpie. "It's really true, too. And now may I finish my bread crumbs?"

Of course, he could!

YOUR FRIENDS WILL LIKE THESE HOME-MADE GIFTS

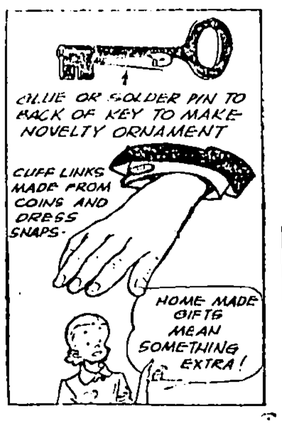
NOVELTY jewellery that costs practically nothing but is pretty enough to present to your friends as gifts, can be made from objects as simple as door keys and coins.

To make a lapel pin, pick a key that is very decorative, such as the type that is used to lock an ornamental cabinet. Now all you do is glue a miniature safety pin to the back, using strong cement.

★ ☆ ★

To create a set of novelty matching buttons, pick a series of keys that are all alike. Now fix them up just the way that you did the brooch.

Coins from other countries make attractive brooches and buttons also. To make the former, arrange three or four coins in the centre of a giant-sized safety pin. Glue. To make buttons, select a series of coins of the same denomination. Turn them all on the same side. Then glue very tiny safety pins to the centres of the backs.



Another serviceable way to make removable buttons from keys and coins consists of adhering one side of a dress snap to the back of each one. The other side will attach the button to the fabric if a buttonhole is made in the garment for it. Or, if the fabric is very thin, this will not be necessary.

★ ☆ ★

Ornamental cuff links can be made from coins and dress snaps too, if one side of each coin is adhered to one side of a snap. Be sure to pick very large snaps, however, so that the sides will reach each other through the folds of the cuffs.

Earrings can be made from coins and keys also, by gluing blank shanks to one side of each.

Try making up objects like these the next time the birthday of a friend rolls around.

To prevent your presents from tarnishing, scour them well. Then cover the metal with a coating of clear lacquer.

TWO OR MORE CAN PLAY

The Minute Mystery Game

PLAY this game to pass away the time when you take a long car trip. It can be played by two or more persons and can be used at parties.

Make up a short mystery story—one that takes no longer than a minute to tell. The other players try to solve the mystery by asking questions that can be answered Yes or No. Only 20 questions are allowed.

Here's a sample story to give you an idea how the game is played.

"There are four men in a boat. Not a word is spoken between them. The captain stops the boat and looks at the other three men. One of these men looks straight at the captain and then jumps overboard. He goes down, down, down. And then the captain smiles and is very happy as he watches the second man go down, down, down."

The first question asked was: "Was it a big boat?"

"No."

The second question:

"Did the men who went overboard die?"

"No."

After ten more questions have been asked the pivot question is spoken:

"Were they diving for pearls?"

That solved the mystery.

● ●

Now see if you can solve this story.

"A very distinguished middle-aged man was waiting for a train at the railroad station. The train was due in 20 minutes. He felt hungry. So he went into the lunchroom and sat down on a chair. The waiter gave him a clean plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon. Then the bus boy brought the man a glass of water which he man drank. The waiter asked for his order and waited. Then he rushed inside to the kitchen and came out with the long, sharp knife used by the chef. The middle-aged man looked at the knife and ran out of the lunchroom. He saw his train coming into the station and immediately boarded it and smiled. He knew he would never, never tell the police what had happened."

You'll find the answer on Page 20.

ZOOM'S WHO



Rupert and the Dog-roses—1



Rupert's Mummy has been asking for a new clothes post in the garden, and Mr. Bear has bought a good one and fixed it just where she decided. Next morning he and Rupert go to put up the clothes line. "Why, look, the post's lying on the grass," cries Rupert. "The wind must have blown it down." "But we haven't had any wind!" Mr. Bear protests. They move nearer to peer into the hole. "Surely, that is deep enough," Rupert murmurs. "What can have happened?" They gaze at each other in great perplexity.

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PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

"DISGUSTING DEBUTANTES" "The disgusting debs" is what Dubliners are calling some of Britain's young society girls who danced and drank at more than one party every night during the week of the Dublin Horse Show. And, as the riotous week of revelling ended, many leading Dubliners were asking: "If our Horse Show attracts this type of person, is it really worth while?"

For the Horse Show was the reason for the Britain debutantes' invasion of the city.

By day, with buggy ever, they watched a thousand horses parading and jumping in the lovely, airy Ballsbridge show.

By night they jived, drank gallons of champagne until breakfast time, turned celadon hunt balls into riot of bread-throwing and even worse behaviour.

One Dublin society lady said: "At one of the balls the girls—some of them were worse than the 'teddy girls' we read about."

During the week the girls:

Jumped into taxis in front of the corners by young men, and were flung in the air—and were cheered for their lack of dignity.

Didn't eat the bread rolls provided at supper but threw them at people at other tables, and turned the supper into a battle of bread roll.

Kicked off their shoes and lifted their ball gowns, and jived "like mad thing," as one onlooker said.

• • •

WALTER MITTY Forty-year old Murray Beresford was a real-life Walter Mitty—a clerk for whom make-believe was more thrilling than humdrum reality. That is, until it landed him in gaol.

In his make-believe world he was always enormously big and important.

First, he was the "famous nerve specialist," a professor of neuro-psychiatry. He fooled the superintendent of a training centre for prisoners in Australia into allowing him to interview a man serving a life sentence for murder, and tricked a country hospital doctor into arranging for him to perform a muscle-graft operation on a patient.

But when everything was ready and waiting, he disappeared.

Next, he was a gallant soldier. He reserved an hotel in the name of Major-General Garson.

And then—and this was the highlight of Murray Beresford's make-believe career—he became "Lord Russell, Governor-General-Designate of Australia" and a cousin of Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the present Governor-General.

He stayed as "Lord Russell"—at Sydney's plushiest hotel, ordered more than £30 worth of wines, spirits and liqueurs "to entertain Sir William in his suite" and left (on a rush trip to Canberra, he explained) without paying.

But reality—in the person of a very real detective-sergeant—caught up with him when he was staying at another luxury hotel as "Sir Fergus Begg, Governing Director of Barclays Bank."

And Murray Beresford, alias Professor Hopper, alias Major General Garson, alias Lord Russell, alias Sir Fergus Begg, was gaoled for six months for stealing £10 worth of clothing and fined £50 for impersonating a doctor and a further £10 for obtaining free hotel and accommodation. But he paid his wine and spirits bill after his arrest.

• • •

NOT A WORD Information reached Washington months ago that President Nasser intended to take over the Suez Canal as soon as the British troops withdrew from the Canal Zone. This piece of intelligence came unofficially from U.S. oil company sources in Saudi-Arabia. But it was not acted upon. No friendly warning was passed on to London from Washington.

This is further evidence of the lack of co-ordination between London and Washington on the post-decade and it is precisely the state of affairs that makes the present U.S. administration an obstacle to effective policy-making in foreign affairs between the two major Western powers.

That was why this time Sir Anthony Eden decided to "go it alone" regardless of U.S.A. advice left much the same.

But Whitehall has even more reason to be angry with its own Middle East intelligence officers.

When Neguib was ousted and Nasser took his place these people mostly associated with Middle East oil interests assured that Nasser was the better man. "You will be able to deal with Nasser," they insisted. "He is fundamentally pro-Western."

The truth is that Nasser fooled all the oil experts, British and American. It paid dividends to him, it caused them dividends to dwindle.

• • •

VILLAGE'S NEW NAME They have a new name for Erames. They call this tiny hamlet of 164 inhabitants in the heart of Normandy's cider country "The Village of the Hanged." It all began in 1951 when a local comic became impatient at a level . . . The gates did not open. The farmer went to investigate and found the level-crossing keeper hanging from the rafters in his barn. He left no farewell note.

Last March, Ernest Rabet, a 45-year-old farmer, was found hanging from the rafters in his barn. He, too, left no farewell note.

A month later, it was the turn of Georges Lemaitre, a 69-year-old pensioner. They found him hanging from a sash cord in his bedroom. He left a note. It was pinned to the front door. "I have hanged myself in the bedroom," it read.

Three days later, 18-year-old Yvette le Huby tried to hang herself in the cellar of her parents' house. They found her in time. She is recovering in hospital.

The same night, Gaston Couegnas, an unemployed metal worker, shot his wife and then himself.

Again that same night, they found Rene Renut dead in his bedroom. He had died from strangulation.

LIFE WITH ALLEN

(Continued from Page 7)

"Ricky paid me endless compliments. He was dressed as a pirate—looked just like Errol Flynn as Captain Blood. Ray couldn't be bothered to dress up; he'd just borrowed a cowboy hat from someone's little brother. However, he was in better spirits because Church had got something jammed in his flute and had been quiet for five hours—a record."

We all surged to within a few yards of the paybox.

"—dancing with Ricky was like being in fairyland—right out of this world, when you weren't being hit in the eye by a squeaker or having your feet trodden on by six other people. It was a bit crowded."

"Getting on for the end of the evening Ray asked me for a dance, as respectful and polite as if he didn't know me. Ricky said it was his dance and we all went outside and had a real barney in the ornamental gardens. There were the three of us and a little Cockney, who kept saying he liked a fight and had appointed himself referee.

"I've never seen Ray like it before. His voice went all steely, and he told Ricky to leave his girl alone, or he'd know all about it. It was easy to see who was really the tough one, and Ricky backed down. The little Cockney was wild when he found there wasn't going to be a fight and said he'd take off his coat to the two of them. But Ray just ignored him and marched off with me.

"He thrilled me—he was so masterful and when we found a quiet spot I wondered what was coming" (the queue held its breath) "—but he dropped straight off to sleep. Somehow it made me see how I loved him. It was a lovely finish to the holiday. What's more we'll have a much better time this year."

"Are you going by yourselves?" asked the friend in the knitted cap.

"Oh, no. But my family's going as well as his, so it'll be really good fun."

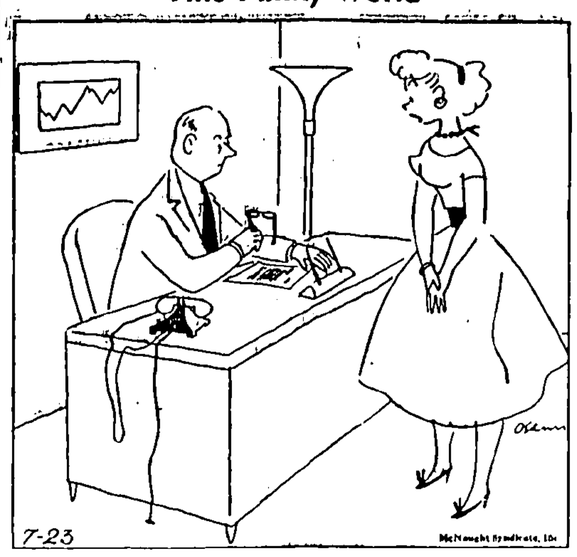
"Going in August again?"

"Course. No use going to a camp when there's nobody else there——"

It was then that Molly and I reached the paybox. The film, all about Katharine Hepburn's holiday in Venice, came as rather an anti-climax.

(COPYRIGHT)

This Funny World



"Goodness, if I looked up the spelling of *every* word in the dictionary, I'd never get my work done!"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

BORN today, you possess outstanding executive talents and have an ability to undertake the management of large enterprises. You have a great deal of determination, and once you have settled upon a course of action, there is nothing which can deter you from reaching your goal. You have a great deal of energy and enjoy active sports. You seem to be able to fill your days with more work and play than two people!

You have a rather serious nature and you might find life more enjoyable if you would cultivate your sense of humour a little more. Don't take things so literally! Yet this very frank, even at times naive, sincerity is what draws people to you. You earn the love and respect of all those whom you meet.

You are original in thought as well as in action and you often surprise those who are closest to you by the quick turnabout you will make in a matter. You have a rapid power of decision, and you feel strong enough to change your course when convinced you have been wrong. It takes a really successful person to admit error, go on to correct it and reach still greater heights of accomplishment!

Since you are emotional under a rather calm exterior, you will be happiest if you wed at an early age. You might be one of those to fall in love at first sight. Your marriage should be a very happy one.

Among those born on this date are: James Gordon Bennett, journalist; Johnny Mack Brown, Glen Anders, and George O'Brien, actors, and Peter Cartwright, reformer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This should be a good time for relaxation. Try and get away from town.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You and your family may be preparing to attend some family function. If driving, take the back roads to avoid traffic.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—There can be pleasant schedule of entertainment on your agenda with family and loved ones.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you have a trip scheduled, then get up early and be ready to start before the greatest crowd begins.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Make plans for a happy day with your family. You can stay at home and have fun, too. Maybe more than going away.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can be a romantic day for you. A summer friendship may be turning into something more meaningful.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Seek fresh inspiration from this day. You may find it in an early morning sermon. Follow your dreams now.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—After your morning devotions, you could well devote the balance of the day to relaxation and pleasure.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Enjoy this week-end to the utmost. This is an especially good day for social activities.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—You could take a trip today and tomorrow and feel sure that you are under fine auspices for the journey.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—You should find that all your holiday plans work out according to previous carefully-made arrangements.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A real gala week-end. This is the middle day, so make most of it. If the weather is fine, get outdoors.

BORN today, you have a natural wit, and your rollicking sense of humour seems to be with you at all times and under all conditions. You have keen intuitions, acute sensibilities and the power to analyse people carefully and come up with a sound solution for every problem offered. And, withal, you don't put on a serious, solemn face. You can do it all with a smile. You have high ideals and aspirations and intend to reach your goal as soon as possible.

Your tastes are cultural, artistic and literary. You have the gift of the spoken and written word and likely will utilise your creative talents in the field of poetry, drama or literature. Fond of travel, it is also likely that you will see a large part of the earth during your lifetime.

Since you are emotional by nature and are not one to hold back on your true feelings, it is likely that you will have a host of close friends. Consequently, it may be difficult for you to select any single one to share your life as a marriage partner. Yet, once you have made your choice, your life will revolve around your home and family. You have the ability to make money and you should have most of the comforts of li

Among those born on this date are: Eugene Field, poet, Henry George, economist; Clara Kimball Young, actress; Newell Dwight Hillis, clergyman; Anne Whitney, sculptor; Lucretia Peabody Hale and Charles Joseph, Paul Bourget, authors; and Hiram Johnson, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Picnics, sports, or trips to the beach—any one of these activities can bring pleasure today.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You must be a little on guard against accidents on a busy, active day. Just stay calm and don't undertake too much.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—There may be minor upsets to previously-made plans, but if you are able to adapt yourself, you will get along.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A fine day for most of your holiday activities. Show a little caution, however, and don't overdo them.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Optimism pays off now. It doesn't pay to take a gloomy look at things. Chin in the air and smile!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You can be the leader in a family group party. Make plans and see that they are followed.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Morning hours have some drawbacks, but if you are careful, you will weather the storm. Balance of the day is good.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Don't take unnecessary risks early today. Make your plans carefully and all will turn out as anticipated.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—The day may start a little slowly and you may find things slack in the morning. Evening hours are fine.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—You will be wise if you start from home early, if you have a long way to drive. You will avoid the worst crowds.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—Don't be over-adventuresome today and all goes well. Recreation is in the forefront, but you may have business, too.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Better not overdo your schedule of activities. Rest and relax a little and get ready for work tomorrow!

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Trump Play Is Slam Key

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOME experts would bid five hearts with the North hand on the first round of bidding. When North passed and later bid six diamonds, South properly assumed that North had more than one top diamond and was willing to hear a grand slam. If North had been interested only in a small slam he could have bid six hearts without mentioning the diamond at all.

West opened the ♠ 4 of spades, and South ♠ 8 won with an honour. He entered dummy with a trump, ruffed another spade with an honour, got back to dummy with another trump, and ruffed a third spade.

If trumps had broken 2-2, the grand slam would have been easy, but South was able to cope with the 3-1 break. He got to dummy with the king of diamonds and ruffed dummy's last spade with his own last trump. He then got to dummy with the ace of diamonds and led the ten of hearts to draw East's last trump. On this trick, remarkable as it seems, South discarded his losing diamond!

Declarer then took the last four tricks with high clubs, fulfilling his grand-slam contract.

West was gracious enough to compliment South on his fine play of the hand, but West was also acute enough to moan about his own opening lead. If West had led any suit but spades, the grand slam would have gone down. South had to ruff four spades as part of his plan, and he could not do this without an opening spade lead by West.

	NORTH	3
	♠ 2 6 5 2	
	♥ 10 9 8	
	♦ A K 6	
	♣ 10 9 5	
WEST		EAST
♠ A K Q J 8 4 3		♠ 10 9
♥ 4		♥ 7 6 2
♦ J 10		♦ Q 9 8 5 2
♣ 8 3 2		♣ 7 6 4
	SOUTH (D)	
	♠ None	
	♥ A K Q J 5 3	
	♦ 7 4 3	
	♣ A K Q J	
	North-South vul.	

South	West	North	East
2 ♥	4 ♠	Pass	Pass
5 ♥	Pass	6 ♦	Pass
7 ♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♠ K

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:

North	East	South	West
1 Club	Pass	1 Heart	Pass
2 Clubs	Pass	?	

You, South, hold:
♠ 8 ♥ A Q J 7 5 2 ♦ 10 7 5 ♣ K 9 3
What do you do?

A—Bid three hearts. You are willing to reach game in hearts if North has even a poor fit for your suit. The club fit will guard you from extreme danger.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:
♠ K 9 3 ♥ A Q J 7 5 2 ♦ 10 7 5 ♣ 8
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

IF the authorities are to be relied on in finding the identity of the beautiful debutante who was found tampering with the pitch at Old Trafford at 11.30 one night, then cricket is in a pretty poor state.

When questioned this girl is said to have replied, "I came here to think. It is impossible to do any serious thinking when the ground is crammed with players and spectators." An unlikely story. "What do you think about?" she was asked. "Cricket, of course," was the sinister answer.

He's at it again

THE police of Cannes are said to be looking for a man who ordered, by telephone, six dozen cases of champagne for Mr Hector Koruthaielos. The cases were not to be delivered to the yacht, but would be called for. They were called for, and taken away in a car by the millionaire's "secretary" dressed in nautical attire. Someone resembling Captain Foulenough was seen later in the day at Villefranche, but, when questioned, he turned out to be an Albanian stockbroker who could not speak French.

No ill feeling

THE chief object, I suppose, of the new waistcoat which "buttons up both sides" is to enable men to slip out of it less easily. It should go well with a coat with no front to it. As Ruskin said to Carlyle, "If you wore an extra pair of shoes on your heads, you could walk about on all fours." "So could you," flashed back the sage of Ecclefechan. How George Eliot laughed!

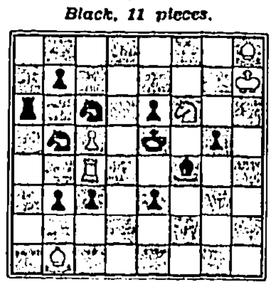
In passing

WHEN I read that the Carlton Hotel is to be pulled down, I remembered one of the best stories of Beerbohm Tree. He came out of His Majesty's Theatre one day and hailed a cab. In his usual absent-minded way he forgot to tell the cabman where to go. "Where to, Sir?" asked the cabman. "To the Carlton," said Tree. "And drive like Hell!"

CHESS PROBLEM

By B. GHIRELLI and A. WITTE

Black, 11 pieces.



White, 6 pieces.
White to play: mate in three.
Solution to yesterday's problem:
1, Q—K16, any; 2, Q, R (dis ch, or dbl ch), or P mates.

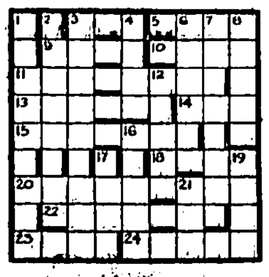
TARGET

T	M	A
E	Y	S
N	R	O

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left? In making each word the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 25 words, good; 35 words, very good; 57 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: *Acre aery bare barn barren bear berry brace bracer brae brain bray bare caber cane canary barry crab CRANBERRY cream crane earn errancy eacre near nearby race racer racy rance rare rear yarn year.*

CROSSWORD

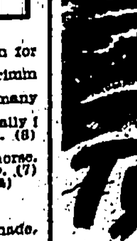


Across

3. It is sometimes indulged in for art's sake. (3)
5. The bad old man of the Grimm old stories. (4)
9. This is sought for by many a poacher. (4)
10. Understanding one—literally! (4) 11. Sweet for kisses. (3)
13. Edge. (6)
14. Up to follow urges the horse. (3) 16. Idle fun mixture. (7)
18. Churchman from Aden? (4)
20. It's costly at Ascot. (6)
22. The science of stones. (7)
23. Try-out. (4)
24. Composer in sole harlequinade. (5)

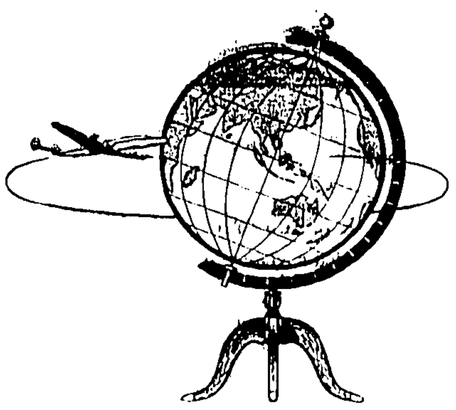
Down

1. Happily secure. (9)
2. Embellishing. (5)
3. A rift is reorganised before the ice. (9)
4. Understand the little branch. (4) 6. Look pop-eyed. (6)
7. She's for remembrance. (6)
8. I get away from either. (5)
12. Requires. (9)
16. Nothing follows the doctor—then two little. (5)
17. It often takes payment in a small way. (6)
19. Glues. (6)
21. Ah single pave—it's tough towards the end. (4)



Yesterday's solution

Around the world in a week or a year!



A ROUND-THE-WORLD travel ticket from Qantas is valid for a full year.

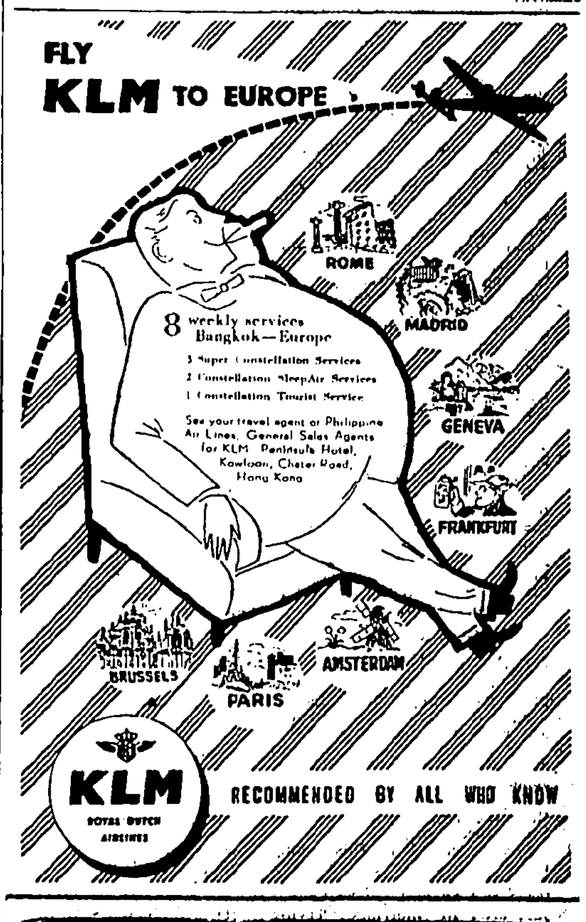
Time spent in the air, right around the world, is less than four days. You can actually make the whole trip in as little as a week—but why would you want to do that when so many opportunities for a wonderful travel adventure can be yours with Qantas' help? At every port you will find Qantas officers or agents ready and willing to advise you on accommodation, currency, side trips, and customs.

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HK4.82.20



IN the Dartwords circle are 50 words. The puzzle is to begin on the rim at the marked word, JEOPARDY, and to reach the word HARVARD in the centre of the circle, using all the other words on the way. In choosing your route you must see that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of the six following rules:—

Rules: 1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it. 2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it. 3. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word. 4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas. 5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction. 6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition. A typical succession of words might be: Circumstance Pomp Pump Rump Steak Stake Shake Down Out Count. Solution Monday.



(Solution on Page 25)

WHITEHEAD & CO., LTD.
WOODWORKING MACHINERY.
ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27789

CHINA MAIL
Established 1845
Page 20 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1956.

NEW! SHEAFFER'S Featherlouch BALLPOINT

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

A Car Run To Crime

THEY married a year ago, Richard and his wife, and set up home in a small but comfortable flat, and life seemed very sweet to them.

They could hardly credit, indeed, that anyone else in the world or in the world's long history had enjoyed such happiness as they did, nor faced a future so full of bright prospects.

It was true that they had less money than they would have liked, but in that they felt in good company, and anyway Richard had plans and ambition enough to make the inconvenience seem very temporary.

RENT, PETROL

SO they paid rather more in rent for their flat than they could comfortably afford—£3 5s. a week out of the £8-odd that Richard earned, and bought for £50 an ancient, petrol-thirsty car which they could not afford at all.

"We shouldn't worry," said Richard, "we'll be in the big money soon."

He felt confident that they would. Then his wife announced that she was going to have a child.

They were delighted, but money now became frightening in its scarcity. Every week, it seemed to Richard, his wife had new demands to make upon his wage-packet, wanting to buy the things the baby would need.

PRESSED

EVERY week there was less money left for food and rent and household expenses, and nothing left to support the car in the manner to which it was accustomed.

Small creditors pressed and Richard turned petty criminal to keep them contented. He worked as a salesman in a department store, and he began to rob the till.

Pitiful small sums he stole, 4s. 6d. one day, 5s. on another. When he was caught and charged with embezzlement, he asked for a total of 16 offences to be taken into consideration. The total involved was £4 7s. 9d.

"This man," said a policeman to Mr Frank Powell, the magistrate, "is 22 years old, and there are no previous convictions. He has had a number of jobs, and left them all to better himself. He is married, and his wife is expecting a child in five weeks' time."

'OUR TROUBLE'

"OUR trouble," said Richard, slim, fair-haired, and pleasant-looking, "has mostly been that we have a very small flat with a rather large rent."

Mr Powell remanded him in custody for a probation officer's report.

When Richard next appeared, the probation officer went into the witness-box.

"I've talked to this young man," he said, "and I think half the trouble has been this large and ancient car he bought just after his marriage. Trying to run it is a colossal undertaking for a young man with his wages.

ASHAMED

"I THINK he's very ashamed of what he has done. His young wife has come to court. She is very distressed, but would like to speak for him, if it would help...."

"I won't submit her to that ordeal," the magistrate said and Richard's wife on her seat at the back of the court, closed her eyes in relief.

"I shall discharge you conditionally," the magistrate said to Richard, "but you must pay £5 compensation to the store. Can you pay now?"

"I.... I...." Richard began, then glanced over his shoulder. His pale, pretty wife nodded and smiled. "I .... I think my wife has some money," said Richard, and then he did not know where to look. Few men do when they have to make public their dependence on their wives.

PARTWORDS SOLUTION

JEOPARDY Danger Garden Covent Covert Covers Lovers Lavers Nevers Severn Seven Even Eve Eye Wash Wake Cake Make Merry Andrew Wander Pander Ponder Reflect Defleet Defect Defeat Beat Feat Fate Fade Deaf Aid Arid Parched Marched Matched Matches Safety First Slip Shod Shoe Hoes Clothes Dresses Tresses Looks Yale HARVARD.

New Russian Nuclear Tests

SOVIETS SUGGEST CONTROL-FREE BAN POSSIBLE

Paris, Aug. 31.

The Soviet Union put forward a new argument against nuclear tests today when it announced the fifth of 14 Soviet blasts which have been detected from outside the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Tass news agency, making the announcement, said a control-free ban on atom tests was possible because "modern techniques enable scientists to detect these tests anywhere on earth."

The Tass communique also was aimed at calming fears which stem from the increasing number of nuclear tests.

The communique, like the Soviet communique of last November, stressed that the blasts had been set off at high altitude. Today's communique also stipulated that a "minimum" of radioactive material had been used.

Five Blasts

The five blasts which have been announced by the Soviet Union point out the headway which Soviet scientists have made in the nuclear field.

The first Soviet communique, published in September 1949, announced an atom bomb explosion. The Soviet Union then was 39 months behind the United States, which exploded an atom bomb in July, 1945.

The next announcement came on August 8, 1953, when Georgi Malenkov, then Premier, told the Supreme Soviet that the Soviet Union had exploded its first hydrogen bomb.

The Soviet bomb exploded 10 months after the United States' first hydrogen blast.

New Type

On September 26, 1954, the Soviet Government newspaper Izvestia announced the Soviet Union had tested "a type of atomic weapon" which solved successfully the problems of atomic defence.

The fourth announcement, made by Tass on November 26, 1955, said the Soviet Union had exploded "new-type atom and hydrogen bombs," including the "most powerful hydrogen bomb exploded so far."

Tass, in today's announcement, said the latest tests were aimed at perfecting nuclear weapons and developing new ones to be used by "the various armed services."

Tass was obviously referring to the infantry, navy and air force, and possibly to nuclear warheads destined for long-range guided missiles.

Thus the first Soviet communique dealt with a simple atom bomb, the second with a blast aimed at solving atomic defence problems and the third with new-type weapons and the most powerful hydrogen bomb ever.

Perfecting

Today's announcement showed the Soviet Union had started perfecting nuclear weapons to be used by the armed services.

The Tass communique came less than an hour after President Eisenhower had announced that a Soviet blast had been set off yesterday.—France-Presse.

Rediffusion

H.K.T.
10.30 a.m. Festival of Waltzes; 11, Morning Medley; 11.30, Crime Does not Pay; 12, noon, Tune Time; 12.33 p.m., Music by Roth; 1, Keyboard Capers; 1.15, News, Weather Report and Special Announcements; 1.30, Stars on Parade; 2, Saturday Requests; 3, Wayne King Serenade; 3.30, Secrets of Scotland Yard; 4, In the 7 Morgan Manor; 4.30, Rhythm Parade; 5, Melody Magic; 6, Birthday Mailbag; 6.03, Unit Requests presented by Linda, Calling; 1900 Independent Air O.P. Flight, R.A.F.; 6.30, Football—Israel v. Hong Kong—Asian Cup Championships—Direct broadcast from the Hongkong Stadium; 7.30, Rediffusion's Jazz Club; 8, Time Signal and the News; 8.00, Weather Report and announcements; 8.15, Magic and Moonlight; 8.30, Rediffusion's Voice of Sport; 9, The Shirley Hit Parade; 9.30, Harlem Nocturne; 10, The Screen Presents; 10.30, One Night Stand; 11, Barker's Bargain Basement; 12 midnight, "God Save the Queen"; Close Down.

Channel Beats Two More

London, Aug. 31.

The choppy English Channel today dashed the hopes of two young North American swimmers to cross each other on their way to swim the some 21-mile channel between England and the continent.

Mrs. Florence Burdette, 27-year-old wife of a United States Air Force man, now serving in France, set off near the White Cliffs of Dover this morning, heading for France. Strong currents swept her off her southerly course and with 10 feet high waves even making her escort crew sea-sick, she abandoned after six hours.

On the other side of the Channel, the 24-year-old French-Canadian student, Jacques Cloutier, struck out from Cap Gris Nez. But after four and a half hours, he was beaten by the cold and sea-sickness.—France-Presse.

US To Demand Compensation

Washington, Aug. 31.

The United States tonight blamed the Chinese Communists for loss of a Navy patrol plane off the China coast last week and served notice that it would demand reparations from the Red Chinese government.

In a sternly-worded statement, the State and Defence Departments said that Communist China shot down the plane "without warning". It denounced the attack as "unjustified" and said the "responsibility for the loss of life and destruction of U.S. property lies with the Chinese Communist regime".—United Press.

East-West German Olympic Squad

Hamm, Aug. 31.

West and East German sports representatives reached agreement here today to set up a joint all-German team for the swimming, jumping and water-polo events of the Olympic Games in Melbourne.—Reuter.

LANDLORD BILL

Unofficials To Meet Public Organisations

The Unofficial Members of the Legislative Council have received a large number of petitions and representations regarding the proposals contained in the Landlord and Tenant (Amendment) Bill.

The Unofficial Members have therefore requested Government to postpone the second reading of the Bill and are making arrangements to meet the Kaifongs and other interested organisations who have submitted written representations in order to give them an opportunity to express their views in fuller detail.

Billy Rose Plans Artist Exchange

New York, Aug. 31.

American impresario and night club owner, Billy Rose, announced today that he had concluded arrangements in principle with five Communist countries calling for the exchange of about 1,000 theatre and music hall artistes.

Returning by plane from a seven week trip to the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, Rose said that if the agreements with these five countries were approved by the United States State Department, the basis would be set for the exchange of about 1,000 artistes in 1957.

He said he hoped that the Ballet of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow would be able to perform in New York and that the New York modern ballet centre would be able to go abroad.—France-Presse.

Drobny Through

Klagenfurt, Aug. 31.

Egypt's Jaroslav Drobny, and Austria's M. Huber, qualified today for the men's singles final in the international tennis tournament at Poertschach.

Drobny beat Saiko of Austria 3-6, 6-2, 7-5 and Huber beat Fancutt of South Africa, 6-2, 6-4.—France-Presse.

PHILIUS OUT OF ST LEGER

Paris, Aug. 31.

French racehorse owner Marcel Boussac announced today he has withdrawn his horse Philius Two from the Doncaster St Leger because of a training accident.—China Mail Special.

Surrey Clinches Championship

London, Aug. 31.

Surrey have established a new cricket record. Today, when their match with Lancashire was abandoned because the Oval ground was waterlogged, they became the English County champions for the fifth successive year, a feat never previously accomplished by any county since the institution of the championship in 1873.

Nottinghamshire, under Alfred Shaw, won it four times between 1883 and 1886 and Yorkshire won it in four successive seasons under Sellers between 1937 and 1940, when the war intervened.

Now Stuart Surridge has set up a personal record by leading his side in each of their successful five years, the only period he has held the Surrey captaincy.

Retiring

As he will be 39 next Monday, Surridge has decided to retire from first class cricket and no doubt the Surrey captaincy will pass to Peter May his understudy and the reigning England captain.

May was one of the first to congratulate Surridge when he returned to the pavilion after inspecting the ground with Cyril Washbrook, the Lancashire captain.

"I have never seen a ground like it," commented Washbrook. "It is a sea of mud."

So Lancashire, who have pressed Surrey so closely were denied even a fight in a match which should have been a great contest, but which was abandoned without even a first innings decision. Not a ball was bowled after the tea interval on Wednesday. So many thunderstorms have broken over the Oval this month, that the ground cannot take any more rain.

Capable Reserves

Looking back over the five years, Surridge today said that Surrey owed most of their success to a great number of fine players they have produced since the war.

"We have been able to bring in capable reserves when the Test men like Peter May, Alec Bedser, Jim Laker, Tony Lock and McIntyre have been away.

"I do not know what we would have done this year without Eric Bedser, especially when Laker was not playing. He bowled his off-breaks brilliantly and he scored lots of valuable runs."

Interest in the rest of today's cricket programme centred on second place.

Need Points

Lancashire need only first innings points from their last match against Sussex, beginning at Hove tomorrow, to become runners-up. Gloucestershire, the only other team with a chance, failed to get a point from their last match against Notts. Gloucestershire were set to score 189 to win in two and a half hours but batted tamely and at the end were fighting against defeat.

Leicestershire failed to snatch the victory which would have saved them from finishing bottom of the table when they drew their match against Worcestershire.

At stumps Worcestershire were still 21 runs behind with only one wicket left.

4 Washed Out

Though beaten by Hampshire by six wickets, Somerset got off the bottom of the table for the first time in five years. They finished third from bottom 20 points above Leicestershire. Kent are second from bottom with 60 points.

Rain and wet wickets again seriously affected the programme. Not a ball could be bowled today in four of the eight first class matches.

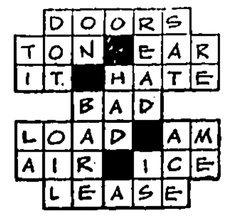
At Oval: Surrey-Lancashire match abandoned. No play today, wicket saturated. Surrey 96, Lancashire 40 for two.

At Bournemouth: Hampshire beat Somerset by six wickets. Somerset 37 and 139. Hampshire 119 and 60 for four.

At Scarborough: Yorkshire beat MCC by 188 runs. Yorkshire 238 for nine declared and 237 for five declared. MCC 113 and 174. Warale five for 73.—Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

CROSSWORD:



NUMBERS GAME:

6 7 2	2 7 6
1 5 9	9 5 1
8 3 4	4 3 8
4 3 8	8 3 4
9 5 1	1 5 9
2 7 6	6 7 2

RIGHT LETTER: The letter is S. Mass, mess, miss, moss, muss.

WACKY COMPASS: He that goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing.

GAME WITH WORDS: 1—Miss. 2—Merry. 3—Midget. 4—Midnight. 5—Multiply. 6—Many. 7—Mad. 8—Miser. 9—Merciful. 10—Minor. 11—Meek. 12—Man. 13—Most. 14—Morning. 15—Modern. 16—Master. 17—Melt. 18—Mine. 19—Mourn. 20—Monotony.

MINUTE MYSTERY: The waiter wanted to cure the man of hiccups by scaring him. Questions leading to the clue were: Was the man a crook? Did the man have an important appointment? Did the waiter want to hurt the man?

NAMESAKES

Answers:—1 Speech, 2 Ireland, 3 Parliament, 4 Rule, 5 Commons, 6 Maiden, 7 Bristol, 8 Hustings, 9 Empire, 10 Kingdom, 11 Anger.
Edmund Burke.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"That's mother in this old picnic picture, Ted—the skinny one eating the banana!"

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If not prepaid a booking fee of 50 cents is charged.

BIRTHS

COOMBES—To Ina, wife of John F. Coombes, a son at Matilda Hospital, on 1st September, 1956. Both well.

TUITION GIVEN

MISS ALICE LILY teaches ballroom dancing to ladies and gentlemen, beginners and those who wish to improve. Lessons by appointment at pupil's home, write 29 Kung Kwong St., and floor, Happy Valley. Tel. 76401, or call 12-9 p.m.

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MUSICAL

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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

"ADRASTUS"

Damaged cargo ex this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Palsen & Joyce-Davy at Holt's Wharf from 10 a.m. on September 3 and 4, 1956, and consignees are requested to have their representatives present during the survey.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.

Hong Kong, August 31, 1956.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Missions to Seamen,
40 Gloucester Road,
Tel. 74221.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.
(Other services arranged at any time by request.)

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Special Announcements and Classified Advertisements as usual.

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Reduced by 20c. a lb.
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THE DAIRY FARM ICE & COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.

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